Sports Illustrated

MAY 10, 1976 ONE DOLLAR

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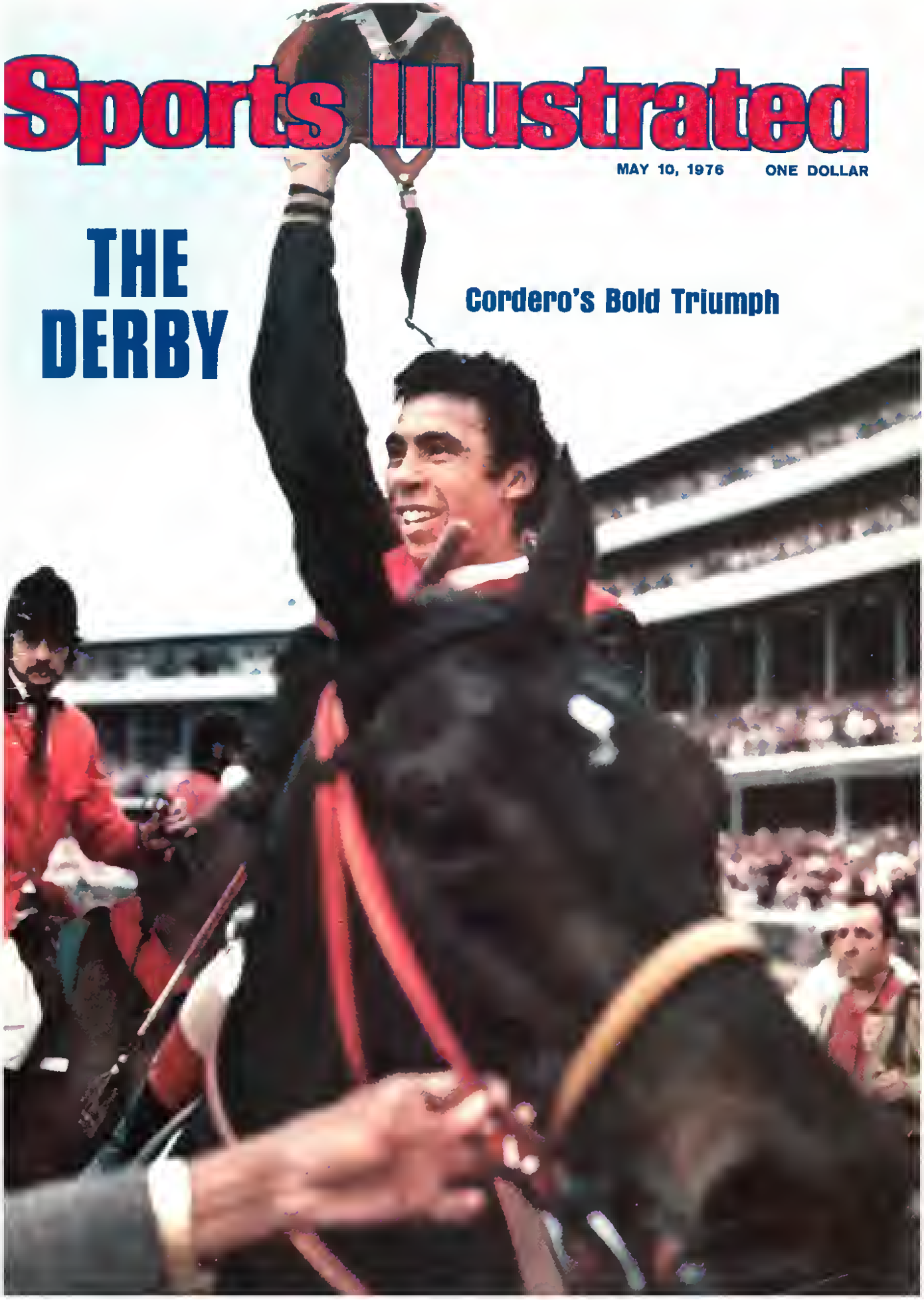

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BILL KAUFMANN

HOME: Glendale, California

AGE: 33

PROFESSION: Astrophysicist

HOBBIES: Tennis, skiing, classical music

MOST MEMORABLE BOOK: "Gravitation" by Misner, Thorne and Wheeler

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Wrote "The Cosmic Frontiers of General Relativity" and is currently working on a screenplay about the discovery of a black hole in outer space and man's attempt to harness its energy.

QUOTE: "The expanding horizons of man's knowledge of the universe have dramatically shaped the course of western civilization. I strongly feel that the scientist has a profound moral obligation to communicate advances in science to the general public."

PROFILE: Concerned. Deeply involved with astrophysics as a vehicle for advancing the social sciences.

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THE BIG EIGHT, from the WCT, meet in Dallas to decide the Big One. Curry Kirkpatrick reports as Arthur Ashe defends his title against the likes of Guillermo Vilas, Bjorn Borg, Raul Ramirez.

INDY 500 CARS have found a home in the new Speedway Museum, the subject of Lane Stewart's color portfolio. Sam Moses recalls one of the racers, Ol' Calhoun, and its driver, Parnelli Jones.

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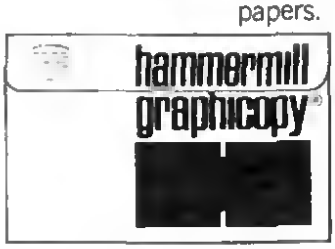

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

THE ZIMMERMANS AT HOME: GREG, LINDA, DELORES, JOHN AND DARRYL

If the photographs that accompany the article on tennis instructor Vic Braden, which begins on page 78, look like nothing you've ever seen, that's understandable. None like them have been produced before. They are the work of John Zimmerman, an ingenious photographer and an intrepid tennis player.

In fact, Zimmerman and his family (*above*) are so virulently infected by the tennis bug that four years ago they abruptly sold their home in Stamford, Conn. and moved to a new house in Los Angeles that has a tennis court in the front yard. The Zimmermans have been serving and volleying nonstop ever since.

John rarely wielded a racket during the years he was growing up in L.A., but he became interested in tennis when he was assigned to photograph it for LIFE, the *Saturday Evening Post* and SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. He took up the sport while covering Forest Hills in 1957, even going so far as to buy a racket from Australian star Neal Fraser. He got his wife Delores to join him in his new passion, and as each child reached age 7½, he or she was encouraged to take up the game.

These days John and Delores are the low players on the family ladder. Darryl, 17, is the No. 1-ranked male at the Mulholland Tennis Club, and Greg, 15, plays on his prep school varsity. Linda, 13, is smitten worst of all. She gets up every morning at 5:30, runs a mile and a half, hits with a ball machine for an hour and rushes home from school to play until dinner.

Among them, Delores and the children have taken lessons from Harry Hopman, Pancho Gonzales, Tony Trabert and Braden. John has never been through Braden's course, but he says, "I've shot Vic so many times and listened to so many of his stories that I have a good idea what people are doing wrong. I try to tell my family, but no one listens, probably because they can all cream me."

The stroboscopic photography illustrating this week's article was done with a Hulcher 35-mm camera at speeds between 30 and 80 exposures per second. The shot of Braden serving on pages 80-81 is composed of 80 separate images on a single frame. "Multiple exposures for tennis have been used before," says Zimmerman, "but never at speeds fast enough to capture the swing, hit, follow through and flight of the ball."

The Zimmermans are one of a number of families that have studied under Braden. He is, for example, the mentor of the amazing Austin family, including the 13-year-old prodigy Tracy, whom Zimmerman shot for our March 22 cover. Was Zimmerman struck by the similaritics between the Austins and his own clan?

"The enthusiasm with which the families play is where the similarity ends," he says. "The Austins have won more than 450 tournaments. The Zimmermans are about 448 behind."

Jack Meyers

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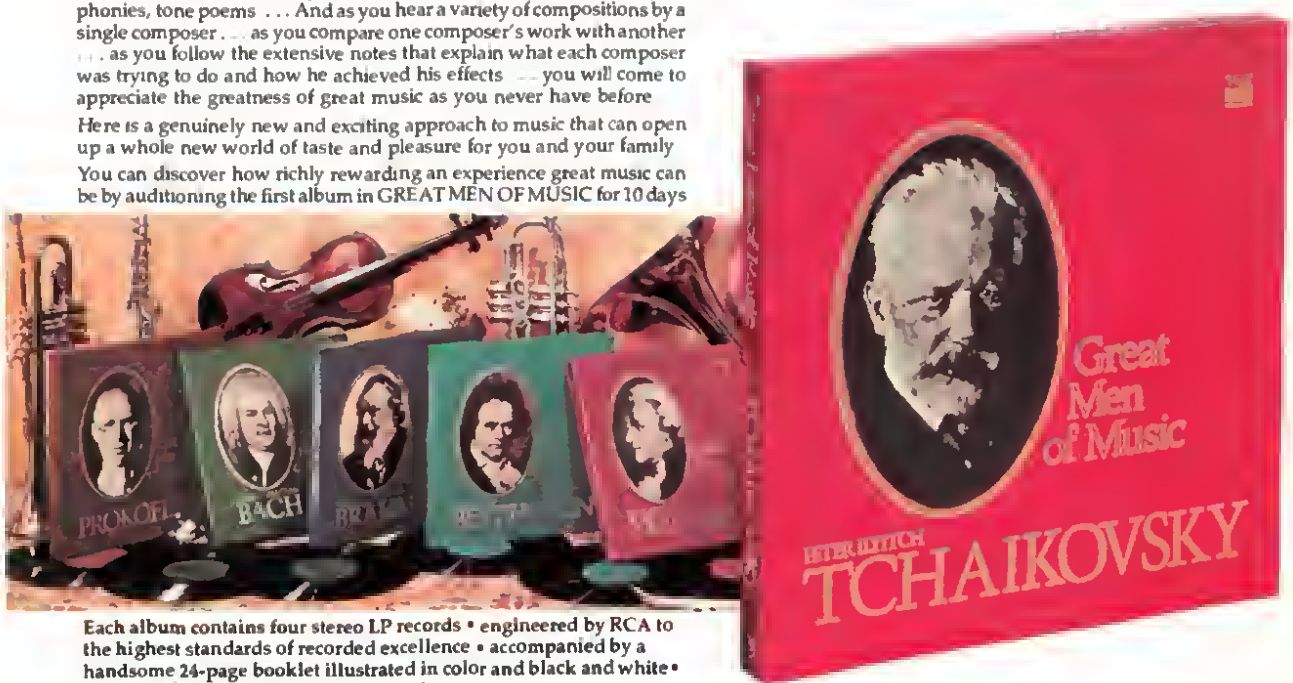

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BOOKTALK

by JONATHAN YARDLEY

HOAGLAND'S SKILL AS ESSAYIST RECALLS HIS FINE BUT NEGLECTED BOXING NOVEL

Sixteen years ago, *The Circle Home*, a realistic, richly detailed novel about a boxer near the end of his rope, was published. As is so often the case with novels by relatively unknown writers, it was only briefly in print before vanishing. Efforts to get it into paperback failed, notwithstanding its indisputable quality and the seeming sales appeal of its subject. As a consequence it has become yet another entry on the long list of distinguished but neglected American fiction, that the company is distinguished is small consolation to an author whose work goes unread.

And here is the puzzling part: the author of *The Circle Home* is now quite well known and admired. But he is known not as the novelist he started out to be but as the essayist-journalist he has become. He appears regularly in leading journals and magazines, this one included, and his reputation is both enviable and deserved. One senses, however, that he'd give up a hunch of that reputation for a bit more success as a novelist. He writes:

"It has come to seem ironic that 'novel' means new; and there is a clarity to the situation in journalism appropriate to a thriving concern. . . . But despite the disarray in fiction enough glory attaches to fighting on regardless, like John Henry, with eclipsed tools, that novelists-turned-journalists sometimes look back to the old problematic, lonely drudgery of novel-writing as movie actors do to the stage: maybe *that* was where the action was."

The writer is Edward Hoagland, and the passage is from "Where the Action Is," one of nineteen essays collected in *Red Wolves & Black Bears* (Random House, $8.95). The range of Hoagland's interest is impressive, but no matter what his subject he is always master of the essay form. He writes about the form perceptively:

"The essay is a vulnerable form. Rooted in middle-class civility, it presupposes not only that the essayist himself be demonstrably sane, but that his readers also operate upon a set of widely held assumptions," he says. Fiction can be hallucinatory if it wishes, and journalism impassive, and so each continues through thick and thin, but essays presuppose a certain standard of education in the reader, a world ruled by some sort of order – where government is constitutional, or at least monarchical, where sex hasn't wandered too far from its home base and religion isn't so smothering that nobody knows where babies come from – where people seek

not fragmentation but a common bond."

Hoagland himself is very much a seeker of common bonds, and the place where he does much of his looking is nature. The finest essays in the collection are those in which he examines the present circumstances of the black bears of Minnesota and the red wolves of Texas; and in the course of so doing he also examines himself—"the injured man who recognizes in the running wolf his wounds"—and the intricate ties between the world of animals and the world of man.

That the animals to which Hoagland is drawn are predators is not mere happenstance. He is possessed by a "sense that these adventurous predators, just as they *eat* all other animals, somehow *contain* all other animals," and his studies therefore acquire greater breadth and intensity.

Hoagland is not a "nature writer" in the received sense of the term; he is not given to waxing rhapsodic about the bunny trail or the flowers that bloom in the spring, tra la. He writes far more often about the dark side of nature: about red wolves declining unknowingly toward extinction, about black bears struggling to free themselves from traps, about mountain lions patrolling their stark and lonely preserves, about the relentless cycle of eat or be eaten, kill or be killed.

What is remarkable is that Hoagland emerges from these studies neither cynical nor despairing. He finds a purpose in things, and he writes about it movingly:

"In the city and in the country there is a simple, underlying basis to life which we forget almost daily: that life is good. We forget because losing it or wife, children, health, friends is so awfully painful, and because life is hard, but we know from our own experience as well as our expectations that it can and ought to be good, and is even *meant* to be good. Any careful study of living things, whether wolves, bears or man, reminds one of the same direct truth, also of the clarity of the fact that evolution itself is obviously not some process of drowning beings clutching at straws and climbing from suffering and travail and virtual extinction to tenuous, momentary survival. Rather, evolution has been a matter of days well lived, chameleon strength, energy, zappy sex, sunshine stored up, inventiveness, competitiveness, and the whole fun of busy brain cells."

That is Hoagland the essayist at his best, extraordinarily thoughtful, his eye always on main truths, cautiously yet vigorously hopeful. Those same qualities are evident in Hoagland the novelist, but too few readers know about that side of his career. If some paperback publisher would take a reasonable chance on a good book, and bring *The Circle Home* back into print, that list of neglected novels would shrink by one title. END

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For color poster of The Alamo without commercial identification, send 2 L&M pack bottoms and 75¢ to P.O. Box 60-1904, Minneapolis MN 55460. Offer void to persons under 21 years of age. Good in U.S. only, except where prohibited, licensed, taxed or restricted by law. Offer expires December 31, 1976. Allow four to six weeks for delivery.
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health
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Shopwalk

by JOHN HOPKINS

FOR $90,000, A ROLLS WITH HOT AIR FOR THE TOOTSIES, COLD AIR FOR THE FACE

The latest model of the Rolls-Royce, the world's most famous car, is now available in the U.S. Since its introduction in the United Kingdom the Camargue, as it is known, has been a stunning success, the first 150 having been snapped up long before they were finished. Reputation, it seems, matters more than cost. In the U.K. the Camargue is priced at $62,560, in the U.S. at about $90,000.

Can any car be worth that much, even one that is so lovingly crafted that it takes six months to build and uses only fancy grades of walnut bought in Italy in its interior? A difficult question to answer. You can't compare the Camargue with anything, certainly not the half dozen or so other cars you could buy for the same price.

If you can afford the Camargue, which bears the name of an idyllic French region, you are buying something rare and an object that you will appreciate. Even a 10-year-old Rolls commands at least its original purchase price and can go for much more. There is no reason to believe the same would not be true of a Camargue. It looks rather like its predecessors, the Corniche and Silver Shadow. At 17 feet front-to-back, it is the same length, but because it is about 140 pounds heavier than the next-heaviest Rolls, it has a slightly slower top speed—a plenty speedy 116 mph.

But the foregoing hardly does the car justice. The quality of a Rolls-Royce is a byword. Nobody ever admits that a Rolls breaks down, but that is no more than you would expect from a firm so pernickety that its staff inspects 4,000 cowhides in order to find the eight perfect hides needed for the leather seats and steering wheel cover of each Camargue. Nothing will force Rolls-Royce to speed up manufacture. The firm will continue to make about two Camargues each week, even though the demand is for perhaps 10 times as many.

Pampered as Rolls-Royce owners always have been, those that purchase the Camargue will be even more coddled. A sophisticated air-conditioning system will blow hot air on the feet and cold air on the face of a passenger reclining in a front seat while he listens to the quadraphonic tape player, the stereo radio or simply the classy hum of the whispering engine.

As in other Rolls models, the handbrake is in a backbreakingly well-concealed and awkward position, but that is nitpicking on the grandest scale. END

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Take your pick of pastel color groups, then take your pick of slacks, sport shirts and leisure jackets. Put them together and you'll have an outfit as sharp as the yellow one Gale Sayers is wearing because all the solids, patterns and prints are perfectly color-matched. These coordinates let you dress fashionably as well as economically. And you can't top that. Gale's long sleeve shirt $15; the other shirt is short sleeve at $13; slacks $20; leisure jackets $25. Available during May in larger Sears stores.

MAY MENSWEAR REPORT

Sears, Roebuck and Co.

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Don't flip your lid. Flip ours. Open THE CLUB® Screwdriver—a refreshing drink made with smooth Smirnoff® Vodka.

It's one of THE CLUB's 12 great drinks ready to go when you are.

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THE CLUB. A GREAT DRINK ANYWHERE.

VIEWPOINT

by BILL VERIGAN

AN AUTO RACING WRITER IS HAUNTED BY GHOSTS OF THOSE WHO DIED AT INDY

"If you're going to be in a racing car, you drive mile after mile after mile. Sooner or later, the odds are you'll make a mistake or somebody working on the car will make a mistake, or the guy who designed the car will have made a mistake. When that happens, generally you lose control.

"But if I get wiped out, and they carry me away in a box, I wouldn't expect anybody to feel sorry for me. It's something I know is a possibility, and I'm not complaining."
—MARK DONOHUE

"On the day of the race, a lot of people want you to sign something just before you get in the car so they can say they got your last autograph." —A. J. FOYT

Sports are about winning and losing, auto racing is about living and dying. Donohue and Foyt were speaking like marked men, but neither put aside the deadly game. Now it's too late for Donohue, who tried so hard to leave, then returned and was killed. Foyt is drawn by the same magnet, but he keeps playing against the odds.

I have seen too much dying in auto racing. I cover it now like a war correspondent in a battle zone, hating myself for the selfish satisfaction I receive from writing another big story about killing. And nowhere does that feeling haunt me like Indianapolis.

Dying creeps into everyone's conversations there during the month of May. I saw a girl proudly display the burns she received in the 1973 holocaust, a man show his little boy where Bill Vukovich was killed, drivers who wear deformities like a badge of courage to gain recognition, a racing widow lifting her son into the cockpit of a car and telling him he would be a driver someday, too, just like daddy.

I only hope that I never get so nonchalant about such scenes that I can overcome the churning in my stomach on race day at Indianapolis. I can still feel the blast of heat on my arms and face when Salt Walther's car exploded. I can still see them placing Swede Savage in the ambulance, his face white-flecked from the extinguishers and gray underneath.

In no arena outside of ancient Rome has there been a spectacle comparable to that at Indianapolis Motor Speedway in May. But the barbarism in the Colosseum ended some years ago.

There is a history of dying at Indianapolis that precedes the first 500. In races run there in 1909, five people were killed—one driver, two mechanics and two spectators who didn't realize they were paying to participate. All of this should have created second thoughts about the track when the first 500 was run, in 1911, but the promoters hoped that improvements would prevent similar carnage. In any case, the death toll has been held to 53 (not all of them drivers) in the 59 500s.

A man who reaches the starting line of the 500 is to be envied and pitied, whether or not he finishes. There is a contradiction in the sport: it is often the best drivers who die. Unlike most sports, in which the unskilled, the inadequately supervised, is the likely victim, racing kills those who reach the top.

Race drivers are adventurers, probing the limits of their talent, their machinery, the track. Most remain on the safe side of those limits, content to stay on quarter-mile tracks running at relatively comfortable speeds. Accidents are frequent, but seldom fatal.

But a man who sets Indianapolis as his goal is different—more daring, more reckless. He has to beat the men who remain on the safe side to get there. He is willing to surpass rational limits.

At Indianapolis he is pitted against 32 others just like himself. An entire field is emotionally out of control. The man who drives there should have his estate in order. The risks are high. Even when he races elsewhere, his chances of survival are diminished. He is likely to wind up lying on the grass of some obscure track's infield because he was good enough to drive at Indianapolis once.

There's no glory then. He might get a paragraph in the newspapers. He might get a race named in his memory. A fund might be established for the family that sacrificed to let him race.

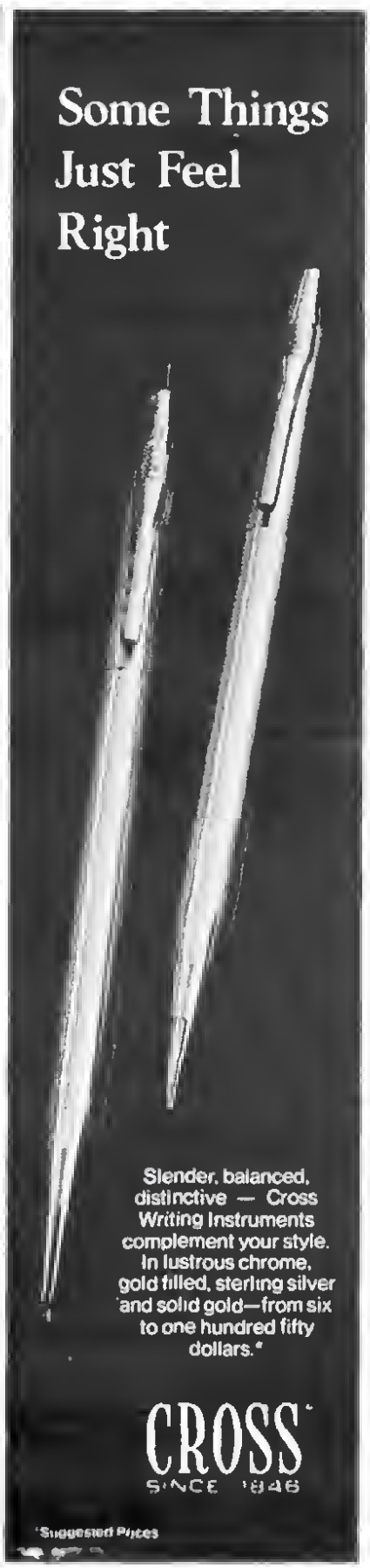
Even the glory in winning is overrated. Only the dedicated fan is likely to be able to name the winners of the last three races.

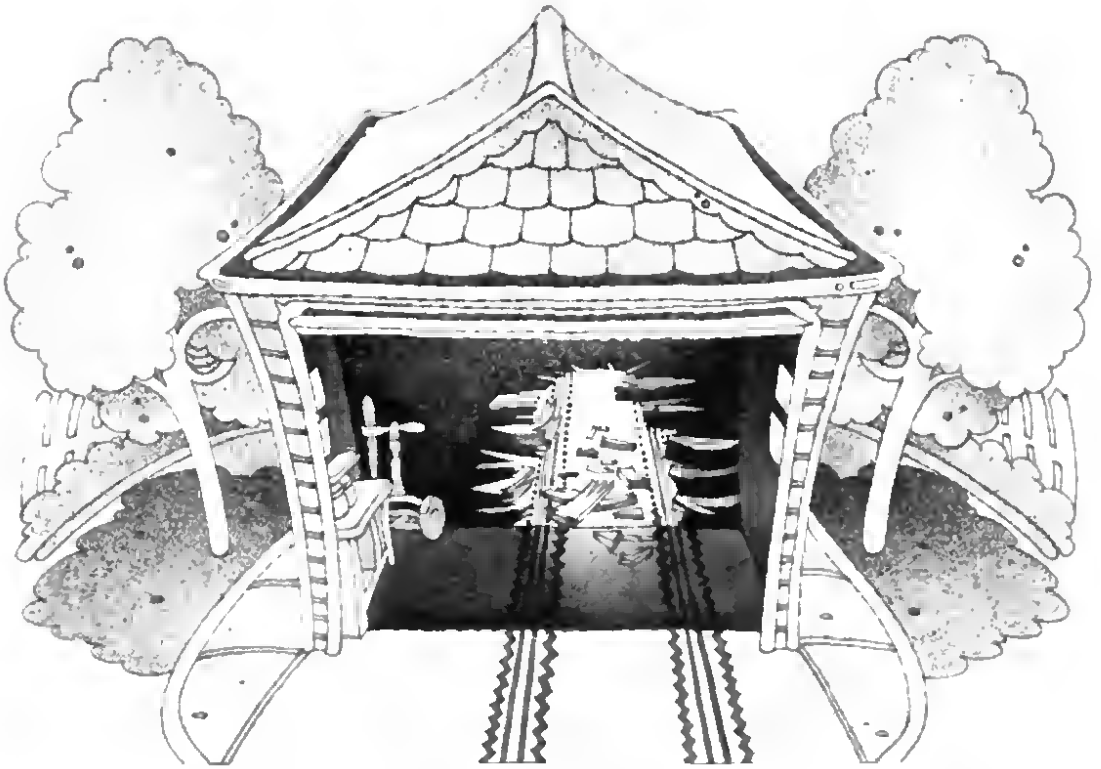
The way to win at this game is to quit young. When a man reaches the top, he should get out. Otherwise he might add to the grisly statistics.

Only 503 men have driven in the 59 Indianapolis 500 races. Thirty-five were killed, another 79 died in other races at other tracks. Over the years, 23% of the men who drove in the 500 have been killed in racing. There may be even more deaths, because many of these drivers are still active.

Only 48 men have won the 500, and 14 of them died in race cars, a depressing 29%. Once again, the best are the first to die.

I ask them why. I wonder if the sport is worth the price. I question whether we aren't all less human when such statistics are permitted to exist. They tell me I don't understand. They're right. I don't mourn for Donohue or Savage or the others. I wonder if I don't merely increase attendance by writing about the dangers. END





Don't let the warning signs of bad brakes become more than a warning.

Brakes generally let you know they're going before they're actually gone. A "spongy" pedal, for instance, is a sure sign there's something wrong. Your pedal should feel firm and your brakes responsive. Another sign is the front end of your car pulling to either side as you brake. A third sign is abnormal squeaking sounds, even when you brake at slow speeds.

If you spot any of these signs, you should take your car to a qualified serviceman to check out your entire braking system.

If repairs or brake replacement are necessary, remember that Delco has a complete line of quality Disc, Drum and Power Brakes and replacement parts to fit American-made cars and most imports.

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Go with the names you know.

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SCORECARD

Edited by DOUGLAS S. LOONEY

BAYI VS. WALKER?

In these days when sports and politics are so unfortunately entangled, there is once again an ominous cloud developing—this time threatening what is anticipated as the showcase event of the Montreal Olympics, the 1,500-meter run featuring Tanzania's Filbert Bayi and New Zealand's John Walker. Bayi holds the world record for the event: Walker, the world mark for the slightly longer mile. Their speed is judged approximately even by the experts.

Again, the dispute is over racial policies. The Supreme Council of Sport in Africa has instructed its member nations, which include Tanzania, not to compete against New Zealand if New Zealand goes ahead with plans to send its rugby team to play South Africa in June. White-ruled South Africa long has been under fire for apartheid and has had numerous confrontations with countries opposed to the policy. This particular dispute dates to New Zealand's refusal to withdraw an invitation to South Africa to compete in the world softball championship several months ago. Which in turn so incensed Tanzania that Bayi was not allowed to go ahead with his plans to run in New Zealand against Walker.

There is no predicting, of course, what will happen in the two remaining months before the Olympics. Maybe black Africa will change its stand. Maybe New Zealand will. Or maybe right-thinking people on both sides can forge an agreement for two compelling reasons: millions of track enthusiasts around the world are thirsting for the race, and Bayi and Walker, friends *and* sportsmen, are extraordinarily anxious to make it.

LITTLE WHEELS

Last week, at the Spanish Grand Prix, interest was focused not on the Ferrari 12s, the McLaren or the Lotus V-8s, but on the Tyrrell 6. In the Tyrrell's case, that meant six wheels, not cylinders.

Six-wheelers have raced before (one finished 12th in the 1948 Indy 500, and Mercedes-Benz entered one in European hill climbs during the late 30s) but the extra wheels were used to drive, not steer, the car. Not so with the new Tyrrell. In order to cut down aerodynamic drag by reducing frontal area, Designer Derek Gardner doubled the number of front wheels and reduced their size (they're 10 inches in diameter vs. the normal 13-inch wheel used in Formula 1). Handling has not been sacrificed, because the same or even greater tire contact is made with the road. There also are extra brakes.

In its first competitive outing, Patrick Depailler qualified the car—which looks like a "What's wrong with this picture?" puzzle—third fastest, .6 second behind James Hunt's pole-winning McLaren. In the race, the Tyrrell—whoops—skidded off the track and failed to finish.

METER READER

While the United States won't complete the switch to the metric system for some years, it may be much too soon for the city of Denver, where the NFL Broncos play their games in Mile High Stadium.

Denver's problem is one of euphony rather than arithmetic. "1.6092693 Kilometer Stadium" hardly rolls trippingly from the tongue.

RARE, BUT WELL DUNN

Playing college baseball in the spring in upstate New York is a lot like trying to kiss your elbow. Several years ago, for example, Colgate played only 13 of its 26 scheduled games because of horrific weather—and to get in those 13 involved rescheduling them 39 times.

So, everyone was happy the other day when Colgate and St. Lawrence met in Canton, N.Y. on what passed for a beautiful spring day—cool, windy and cloudy. But no snow.

Then a weird thing happened. The sun came out. And out. Soon, it was shining brutally into the eyes of the hitter, the catcher and the umpire.

With the game tied 1–1 going into the top of the 11th, Umpire Arnold Dunn threw up his hands and invoked a rule he admits doesn't exactly exist: "That's enough. The sun is driving me crazy. This game is sunned out." Dunn reasoned that by the time he, the hitter and the catcher would have been able to see the ball, they wouldn't. Too dark.

THE IRONIC DUKE

The pro football players who became free agents a few days ago could strike it rich this year. If they do, they will owe a three-pronged debt of gratitude to the courts, to fortuitous timing and, curiously, to Wellington (Duke) Mara, the New York Giants' owner popularly recognized as the arch-enemy of the players' freedom movement.

In past years, being a free agent did not promise to be a particularly lucrative condition, primarily because of the Rozelle Rule, which required a team signing a free agent to compensate his former club. This year, however, the 24 athletes who have played out their option year—Roman Gabriel, Fred Dryer, John Riggins, John Gilliam, Ahmad Rashad and Ron Johnson among them—find the blocking all in front of them.

The courts have contributed by declaring the Rozelle Rule in violation of antitrust laws. This in turn recently forced the NFL to announce that there would be no Rozelle Rule until the matter has been settled in the courts or through collective bargaining.

Enter fortuitous timing. The athletes whose options expired May 1 had refused months ago to sign contracts at a time when there was a Rozelle Rule, but they were willing to take a chance. Now they will presumably benefit by getting higher salaries.

At the same time it is doubtful that those who play out their options *this* season will benefit. They would not be free until next May 1 and by then a new form of the controversial Rozelle Rule might be in effect.

Lastly, the players owe thanks to Mara for his largess in signing Larry Csonka to a reported $1.5 million contract. This set a salary standard that free agents can use and which owners will have to respect, lest they be accused of conspiring to keep salaries down.

Mara's role is fascinating. It is not the first time that his self-interest—he needed Csonka's name to help fill a new stadium—has cost his fellow owners. Years ago Mara coveted a competent place-

continued

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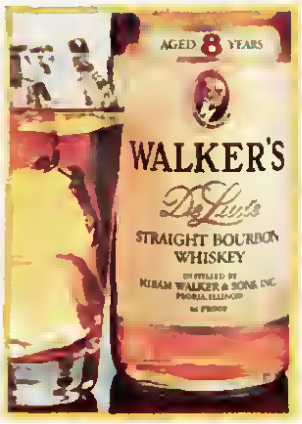

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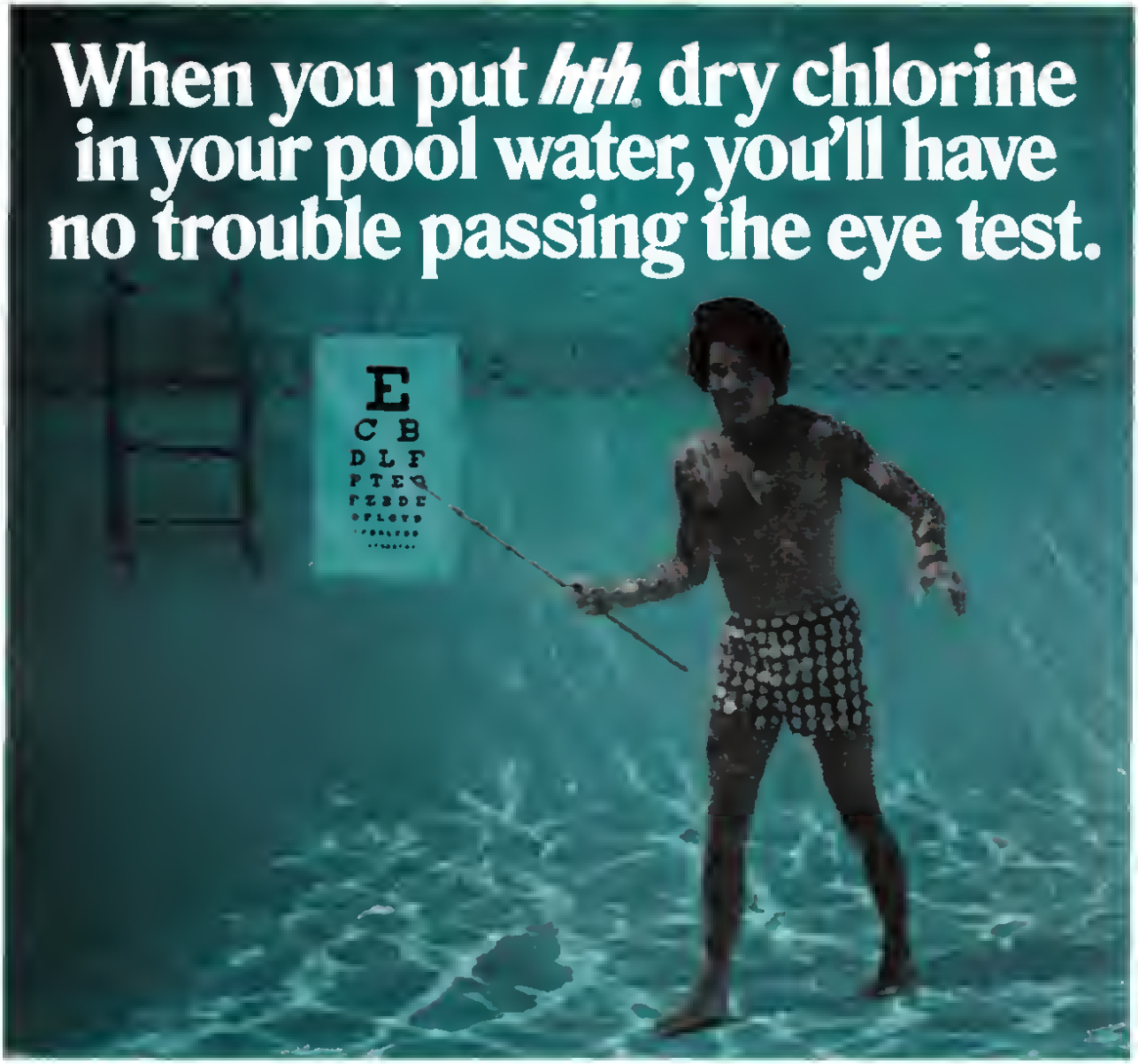

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LOW CONCENTRATION OF WEIGHT FOR POWER. The center of gravity is toward the lower part of the clubface, where you hit when you hit it pure. This was achieved by transferring weight from the high middle to the sole, and by adding tungsten inserts. The tungsten inserts have proved to be a bonus in several ways. Good players tell us this is the first club they've hit that gives such a remarkably solid feel, and such excellent results even on thin hits.

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CLASSIC DESIGN. SIMPLE, AND PURELY FUNCTIONAL. Scratch players insist on classic clubhead design. To them classic means simple, and uncluttered. It's good design only if it's functional design. Keep the weight behind the ball they say. That's what we did. Hit the PRO 100 pure, and you get it all.

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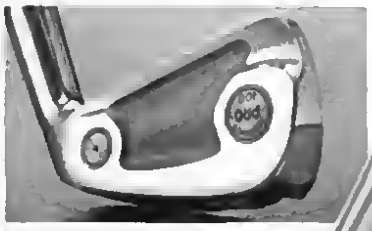

kicker and raided the American Football League for Pete Gogolak. That move escalated a costly signing war that eventually forced the NFL to agree to a merger with the weaker league.

It is ironic that the owners' owner could turn out to be the players' best financial friend.

STICKY MATTERS

We might excuse the Topps Chewing Gum people for beginning to wonder if they could chew gum and run a business at the same time. Indeed, in recent years some of their plans have, er, blown up in their face.

Two years ago it seemed a certainty that the San Diego Padres would move to Washington, D.C. Among the quarter of a billion baseball cards Topps packages annually with slabs of bubble gum, it printed a few million with the new designation, "Washington, Nat'l Lea.,"

under the players' pictures. Then at the last minute San Diego stayed in San Diego. Embarrassing.

Last year Topps sponsored its first big-league bubble-gum-blowing championship. The winner was Kurt Bevacqua of Milwaukee. The only trouble was that Bevacqua was not on a Topps baseball card. That's because the thinking around the company before the season was that Bevacqua, who in 1974 hit only .184 in 57 games with two different clubs, would not be with a big club in 1975. Thus, he would not be among the 660 major-leaguers entitled to a card with his picture and statistics on it. Embarrassing.

Which brings us to this year. Just at the time Topps had to print its cards, it appeared the San Francisco Giants would move to Toronto. So Sy Berger, the Topps vice-president in charge of sports, was again a troubled soul. He says he muttered a lot, saying things like: "Please, God, not another San Diego thing."

Berger finally concluded, long before the matter was settled, "I don't think the Giants are going to move." This time he was right, and one for three is .333 and not bad hitting in any league.

But had the club moved, Berger says, Topps was prepared to fix the pictures so the San Francisco uniforms wouldn't show and to paint a "T" on each hat—all at an added cost of $25,000. Sighs Berger, "I'm getting used to the idea that every time baseball does something, it fouls up Topps and costs us money."

THE DREAM

At last week's exhibition of dreary fighting between Ali and Jimmy Young (*page 30*), an observer with more than a nodding interest was Randy Neuman. His name may not leap quickly to mind, but four years ago Neuman whipped Young (one of only five boxers to do so) in a 10-round decision.

So Neuman could be forgiven if, during the fight, he had illusions of grandeur. If young won, Neuman had a claim of sorts for a return shot at him. Says Neuman, "In the last 30 seconds of the 14th round, Young had Ali in trouble. Visions of a rematch with a heavyweight champion I'd already beaten danced through my head. I had the fight scored even at that point and I thought Young won the last round."

Then they raised Ali's hand.

SWEET STUFF

Little League baseball has been criticized for everything from messing kids up psychologically to giving them warts. Now, even the snack shacks on the edges of the fields are under attack.

James White, a phys ed professor at the University of California-San Diego, snorts, "The only real exercise Little League affords is the 200-yard sprint to the snack stand after the game."

Worse, he says, soda pop and candy increase a youngster's anxiety level because of their high sugar content. White submits that most kids get a shot of sugar before the game, whether at home or at the field. Coupled with the anxiety of competing in the game, the effect, White says, is to put the youngsters in "double jeopardy." Finally, just when the kids should be calming down after the game, the dash to the snack stand occurs all over again.

The professor says he has observed a practice whereby members of the winning team get to run to the snack stand for two pieces of junk food apiece while the losers only get one each. "So you see," says White, "the losers are the winners." Further, he says that out of 45 items at one stand he surveyed, 41 were candy and that there were no dried fruit, nuts or health-food cookies—which, everyone knows, are big favorites among kids. Given a choice, surely any youngster would choose prune juice over a soft drink, a carrot over a Big Goo.

Finally, White says, there's the obvious harm to teeth and the buildup of body fat.

So why don't all those folks throughout the country stop operating these sugar-filled snack traps? "Because," says White, "they make money."

SLICK JOKES

Gary Lautens, a *Toronto Star* writer who is a keen hockey observer, offers these definitions to help outsiders understand the current state of the game:

Gloves—what a player throws down to signal a game has started.

Lineup—the procedure used at the police station to identify the stars of the previous night's hockey game.

Hooking—hockey's oldest profession.

THEY SAID IT

- Norm Cash, former Detroit Tiger slugger who holds the team record for career strikeouts, 1,081: "Prorated at 500 at bats a year, that means that for two years out of the 14 I played, I never touched the ball."
- Bill Muir, offensive line coach at SMU, on aggressiveness: "If the meek are going to inherit the earth, our offensive linemen are going to be land barons."
- Tom Bianco, Spokane first-baseman, after his first encounter with his manager, 6'7", 300 pounds-plus Frank Howard: "I'd like to take him to school for show and tell."
- Guy Kochel, Arkansas State track coach, on being congratulated for his team's runner-up finish in a recent meet: "If finishing second was so great, then we'd only run in dual meets." END

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Kings, 17 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine, Longs, 17 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Nov. '75

Sports Illustrated
MAY 10, 1979

THE LOOK OF EAGLES

The Derby was a duel of wits—two champion jockeys eyeing each other warily as they thundered down the backstretch. The evil pace set by Angel Cordero doomed the favorite

by WILLIAM LEGGETT

Trainer Laz Barrera leaned against a door in the directors' room at Churchill Downs last Saturday evening some two hours after winning the 102nd Kentucky Derby with Bold Forbes. He took a telegram from his 16-year-old son Larry and read it over and over. The wire had been sent from Hollywood Park in Inglewood, Calif. just after Bold Forbes had passed under the finish line; it said simply, "My man," and it was signed "Bill."

Sixteen years ago Barrera had arrived at Hollywood Park from Mexico as the owner, trainer, groom, hotwalker and one-man band for a cheap thoroughbred named Destructor. After just one win, Destructor was claimed from Barrera, leaving him horseless and penniless. When things looked bleakest, a trainer

continued

named Bill Winfrey loaned Barrera eight runners to get started again. Winfrey had experienced good times and bad during his own career. The good ones had come in the late 1940s and early 1950s when Winfrey handled a shedrow of champions for Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt; the real bad day had come when undefeated Native Dancer lost the 1953 Derby to Dark Star. Barrera held the wire in trembling hands. "I am so proud of this," he said, tears rolling down his cheeks. "This means so much to me. Oh, how long this road has been."

Not since Native Dancer lost that Derby 24 years ago has there been such an upset at Churchill Downs. Bold Forbes beat Honest Pleasure by a widening length to take the winner's prize of $165,-200, and in so doing beat a 2-to-5 favorite (the shortest choice since Citation in 1948), with $1,049,461 riding on his back—more money than had ever been bet on a Derby starter. It was the best day any U.S. trainer has had, for Barrera also won the $125,000 Illinois Derby at Sportsman's Park with Life's Hope and the $50,000 Carter Handicap at Aqueduct with Due Diligence. "My wife Cha-Cha was too nervous to come to the Derby," Barrera said. "She is at home. She's been crying for two hours. My daughter Blanche is so happy they cannot get her to stop dancing."

Until three weeks ago, Barrera, 52, had won a lot of races in a lot of places but never one worth $100,000. "It seemed that a jinx was working against my father," his 22-year-old son Albert said. "Everyone knew he was an excellent trainer but even he grew superstitious when $100,000 races came up. He put Bold Forbes in the Wood Memorial on April 17 in the hopes that the colt would run a good enough race to earn a trip to Kentucky. We started to kid my father about the Wood being a $100,000 race and he didn't like it at all. When Bold Forbes won the race we were so happy. It was a breakthrough and my father finally had a horse in the Kentucky Derby. All along he thought the colt might be able to beat Honest Pleasure."

It was a Derby bound to evoke controversy, the debate being about the ride Braulio Baeza gave Honest Pleasure. Bold Forbes and the favorite ran in the first two positions all the way; the last time that had been done was in 1914 by Old Rosebud and Hodge. Some believed Angel Cordero had outfoxed Baeza by setting a fast pace, then slowing it deliberately. Was Baeza tricked as he fell behind by as many as five lengths down the backstretch? Who put the handcuffs on jockeys riding the other seven starters? Who *were* the other seven starters?

Well, four of them had never won a stakes race. Only three in the field had won a $100,000 race and they finished in the win, place and show spots, with Arkansas Derby winner Elocutionist getting to the finish line 3¼ lengths behind Honest Pleasure. Between Bold Forbes and last-place finisher Bidson were just 16¾ lengths, which made one wonder further if this was not a poor Derby field. Bold Forbes' time of 2.01⅗ did not approach Secretariat's track record of 1:59⅖, but Secretariat belonged in a different league.

What Cordero had Bold Forbes do was remarkable in its own fashion. His mile and a quarter in 2:01⅗ over a dull track is the fastest time ever posted by a wire-to-wire winner. (Twenty Derbies have been won in this manner.) Some of the horses who went wire to wire in slower times were legitimate champions: Count Fleet (2:04⅖), Regret (2:05⅗) and Jet Pilot (2:06⅕). The first was a Triple Crown winner, Regret was the only filly ever to win the race and Jet Pilot was one of the swiftest horses ever entered.

In the hours preceding the Derby a banner was carried through the infield at Churchill Downs. On it was a drawing of Bold Forbes and the message, "Beware, Braulio, the Angel has a bold surprise." People expressed all sorts of ideas about how the race would be run. The most probable seemed to be that Bold Forbes and Honest Pleasure would come out of the gate nostril to nostril and go at each other until one cracked. Honest Pleasure's trainer, LeRoy Jolley, said, "The course of the race, perhaps the outcome, will be determined by the first turn."

Coming into the Derby, Honest Pleasure had a record of nine straight wins, and the chartmakers of the *Racing Form* had shown him on the lead 92% of the way in these races. Bold Forbes was uncommonly swift, too, breaking from the gate like a quarter horse. There was no doubt that Jolley's problem was developing a strategy to cope with Bold Forbes' speed.

Meanwhile, Barrera was doing *his* planning. A week before the race he borrowed a chart book that gave the positions of every horse in the course of the Derby's 101 runnings. Barrera found that 60% of the winners of the classic were either first or second at the head of the stretch. "When Cordero arrives," Barrera said early in Derby Week, "we will discuss strategy, but we are not going to tell anyone what we plan. Don't be silly. You don't sell a gun to somebody so they can turn around and kill you."

Barrera had brought Bold Forbes up

At the 1/16th pole Honest Pleasure was as close as he would come to winning the roses.

to the Derby with a series of two-mile gallops rather than fast workouts. A lot of people were confused by this training program, but what Laz was trying to do was give his horse some stamina. "It's a long way around," the trainer said, "and you do not want your horse to be looking for a chair to sit in at the top of the stretch."

Barrera is effusive and eloquent, even in broken English. One morning he was asked how Bold Forbes would do in mud, and he said that he watched the weather reports every night on television no matter where he was. In certain cities he did not trust television weathermen. Louisville was such a city. "Every weatherman in Louisville, he want no rain," Barrera said. Laz didn't either. The instructions he gave to Cordero were to get to the lead early and let Honest Pleasure try to go with Bold Forbes if that was what Jolley wanted his horse to do.

Cordero has great affection for the owner of Bold Forbes, E. Rodriguez Tizol, a Puerto Rican banker who gave Angel his first mount as a jockey in Puerto Rico 16 years ago. Rodriguez had wanted desperately to see Bold Forbes run in the Wood and in fact had gotten on a plane in San Juan to fly to New York. But before the flight departed the elderly owner was stricken with another in a long series of heart seizures. "How I wish Mr. Rodriguez could be in Kentucky for the Derby," Cordero said. But Cordero's feelings for Barrera are just as genuine, because it was Laz who gave Angel his first mount in the U.S.

All week long Latins visited Barn 41 on the backstretch to see Bold Forbes—aging senators from San Juan came and people who had emigrated from Barrera's hometown in Cuba. He welcomed all and said one morning, "It would be hard for some people to understand this, but Latins feel deeply for this horse. All the Spanish people love this horse. He is little, only 15.2 hands high, but when Cordero is on him he looks like the biggest horse in the world to Latin people. He has a big heart. He don' need no Dr. Barnard."

As the horses left the paddock to go onto the track Cordero patted Bold Forbes. "I'm going to give you a Derby ride," the jockey whispered, "you better give me a Derby run." Although nobody knew it at the time Cordero was already in a good position because every other jockey in the race was under specific orders to hold back and wait for Bold Forbes and Honest Pleasure to kill each other off.

The heavy favorites were heavy-hearted.

Baeza's instructions were to stay behind Bold Forbes and then run him down when the best time arose. It probably arose on the very first turn when Honest Pleasure was alongside Bold Forbes. The favorite seemed willing to fight for the lead but Baeza put him in second place and let Cordero shoot ahead to a five-length lead. At the quarter pole it looked as if Baeza had Cordero measured, but Honest Pleasure lost ground on the turn. Again at the sixteenth pole Baeza got to within a neck of Bold Forbes, but wasn't quick enough to pass him.

The fractions for the quarters were 22⅗, 23⅗, 24⅗, 25⅕, 26. Thus Cordero made every quarter slower after a tremendous first one and the stamina that Barrera had put into Bold Forbes was sufficient.

After the race LeRoy Jolley sat on a tack box in his barn and said, "We ran a good race and got beaten. Braulio followed the instructions. There are no excuses." Others disagree. Baeza admitted later that this wasn't his best ride and that he waited too long to attack Bold Forbes. Baeza also hinted that lingering wisps from a green smoke bomb thrown on the track from the infield might have caused Honest Pleasure to hesitate momentarily during the stretch run.

The Derby over, Laz Barrera and his sons started through the crowd toward the winner's circle. On the way they were stopped by a female gate guard who pushed a night stick into Barrera's stomach. "I won the Derby," Barrera hollered. "Let me get to my horse." The woman was not going to move. Albert Barrera gave the woman a hug and gently moved her aside, calling to his father, "Run." When father and sons finally got to the infield, they warmly hugged their jockey and friends.

Controversial Derbies tend to grow in importance with the passage of time, and this one is almost certain to. Between the time Bold Forbes won and 10:30 the next morning there were already interesting developments. Barrera candidly admitted that Bold Forbes had been treated with Butazolidin, an analgesic used on horses that are hurting. This medication is allowed in the first two-thirds of the Triple Crown but not in the last race, the Belmont Stakes, held in New York. Just eight years ago when Butazolidin also was barred in Kentucky, Dancer's Image lost his Derby because traces of it turned up in the postrace tests.

Also on Sunday morning Bert Firestone, the owner of Honest Pleasure, indicated that something he didn't particularly care for had happened in his horse's stall before the race. He would not amplify on this but did say, "It wouldn't happen in New York or Maryland. And yes, indeed, we will be at the Preakness." The date is May 15. END

Trainer Laz Barrera in a Latin embrace.

Moving at times more like a sumo wrestler than the boxer he is, Ali was tagged if not hurt.

THE CHAMP LOOKED LIKE A CHUMP

Muhammad Ali seemed eager to give his title away, but Jimmy Young just didn't have the heart to take it

by MARK KRAM

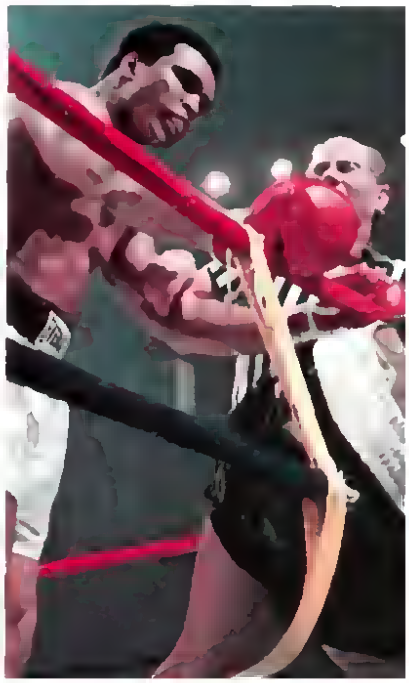
Have you ever come up against a heavy German meal, a host who insists on playing Wagner recordings while sunlight pours brutally into the living room? Wagner, of course, can drug you all by himself, having been a genius who induces the head-in-the-hand posture, like some fights and fighters. Watching them, one's head easily falls into one's hand, perhaps to dream of a cool lake and fresh breezes. Nothing empties the mind better than a tedious fight. In an age of desperate anxiety, a bad fight is a social contribution.

Of this sort of fight, there was a classic last week in Capital Centre at Landover, Md. as Muhammad Ali, of the universe, defended his title against Jimmy Young, of Philadelphia. The fight, which was seen by a crowd of 12,500 and a national television audience, lasted 15 rounds—some of the worst and most numbing in heavyweight history. When it was over, Ali took his pick and shovel and moved his inglorious bulk on to the next gold mine. But he did not move on quietly, or with grace or dignity. He left part of the live crowd with the opinion that he had lost, the other part in disbelief at what they had seen. He left nearly all of the television audience aghast at what it viewed as an outrageous injustice to Jimmy Young, and a slack-jawed press to ponder words like avarice, dissipation and that old B-movie epithet "fix."

Indeed, Ali had come dangerously close to committing professional suicide. He flirted with the caprices of scoring. The scoring of a fight is subjective, as inexact as anything can be. It is emotional, even sentimental. Nonetheless a bout, especially a title fight, should be looked at as a stage production or a painting. It is the whole that counts.

A challenger is not *given* a champion's title. He must *take* that title, preferably with his hands, but with a ring post if necessary. Young never has been a positive fighter, and he was far from it against Ali. He is a fighter of slight craft with a few cute moves. On the attack, his jab is a trifle, his punching of no account. On defense, caution marks his every move, his eyes are always on the exit doors. As the old wheeze goes, Young is a fighter without bad intentions. He is also not a Philadelphia fighter, that primordial strain of workmen who have left a wake of blood and upsets in the ring; Philadelphia fighters know how to *take* titles.

For the most part, Young was a passive figure against Ali. On six occasions he ducked outside of the ropes and stayed there like a man looking out a window. It was not accidental. He was not slip-



ping a punch. It was unconscionable behavior for a man who wants the heavyweight championship of the world. According to Maryland ring rules, Young should have been censured for this action; it is called a "stand-up knockdown." He was given a two count once. The rest of the time he was allowed to take the rarefied air of the $200 ringside. Ali eventually became so frustrated that he began leaning over the ropes to bang him on top of his head. Heroes do not do this sort of thing, and Young—though clearly wrong—won sympathy.

Ali did not behave creditably, either. Using superior weight and size, he often grabbed Young behind the head and pushed him to the floor. Lighter by 21 pounds, Young smartly went with the pulling, until there was no form to the fight at all; there was just Ali missing wildly and then holding, and then Young being totally unassertive. Ali's corner was restive from the start. It looked on vacantly at Ali's early comedies—hands by his head, doing nothing; the Mirage, they call it—and his manager, Herbert Muhammad, shifted nervously in his seat.

"Another day in the gym," Ali's brother, Rahaman, shouted.

"Turn 'em up, turn 'em up," screamed Bundini Brown.

"Shut up!" Ali yelled at Bundini at the end of the third round.

By the fifth round the crowd was booing. "I don't blame 'em," said Herbert. "I'd boo, too. I hope Young hits him on the side of his head and wakes him up." In Round 7, Ali did some wiggling, and Herbert shouted to Ali's trainer, Angelo Dundee, "Angelo, tell him to stop that stuff. He's embarrassin' everybody when he does that."

In the late rounds, Ali's corner was almost completely silent, except for the eccentric Rahaman. It was as if those in the corner could sense a strange wind beginning to blow. Knowing that Ali was in deplorable shape, sensing that *he* could make it to the finish—15 rounds with Muhammad Ali, that ought to be worth something in the market—Young's confidence grew, and he became more aggressive. He found Ali with right-hand taps, and came up with a lot of harmless motion. "You're losin'!" raged Rahaman. Herbert turned to him and said coldly, "Who told you to say that? Judges hear that, people hear that, they start believin' it. Now keep quiet."

By the end of the fight, Herbert's face was frozen. He looked over to a reporter and asked, "We in any trouble?" He was told there could be, for one never knows about judges. Herbert got up shakily and walked out before the scoring was announced, thinking of the $26 million Ali hopes to earn this year, including the $6 million match with the Japanese wrestler in Tokyo and the big money fight with Ken Norton. But most of all, Herbert confided later, he was angry because a genius had let some scared, awkward, ordinary fighter turn a simple fight into needless controversy that would surely leave Ali's golden image temporarily tarnished.

The scoring came, and so did more boos. The referee called it 10-3-2 for Ali, one judge saw it 7-5-3 for Ali and the other one gave it to him, 11-4. Despite the way their rounds were broken down—one judge didn't give Young a round until the 11th—the decision was correct. There was no way anyone could justify taking the title from Ali; Young had had his own vote, but he had chosen to abstain. Public sympathy now leans toward Young, but when it is dissected it is really only an emotional response to a champion who toyed with the sensibilities of the crowd and its intelligence, a champion who was not prepared to fight the way he could and should. Ali can play the philosopher in fool's rags and be believed, he can utter ridiculous and dumb things and be applauded for them, yet when he steps into a ring for $1.6 million, he owes it to himself and his position to be worth every cent of it, or else he can no longer talk of dignity—for anybody.

He let himself and his business down badly last week. He weighed more (230 pounds) than at any other time in his career. He missed with more punches than one could imagine, and his timing was awful. "He looked pitiful," said Ken Norton, a considerable threat to Ali. "I kept hollerin' up to him, 'Don't blow the money, Ali, don't blow the money, damn it!' But the Ali you saw tonight is not the guy I have to fight. I wish it was, but it won't be. He'll be ready for me. You can count on it."

Normally the most tireless of Ali's admirers, Angelo Dundee called Ali's fight "the worst of his career." All week Dundee had been trying to implant some seriousness in the champ's head. "Look, this guy's awkward," he kept telling him. "He stands and crouches. He can be a nuisance." Dundee even put a sign on the elevator door on Ali's hotel floor. "Remember San Diego," it read, referring to the first Norton bout in San Diego, which Norton won.

"Maybe I'm through," Ali said later. "You never know about these things. But you can't go by this. I'm going back in the gym on Monday. I'll be 220 for the Richard Dunn fight in a few weeks and I'll kill myself for Norton. He's the onliest one I want." The next day, alone in a room with an aide, he asked:

"What some of the brothers sayin'?"

"Some of 'em sayin' you gettin' greedy. Press say you greedy, too."

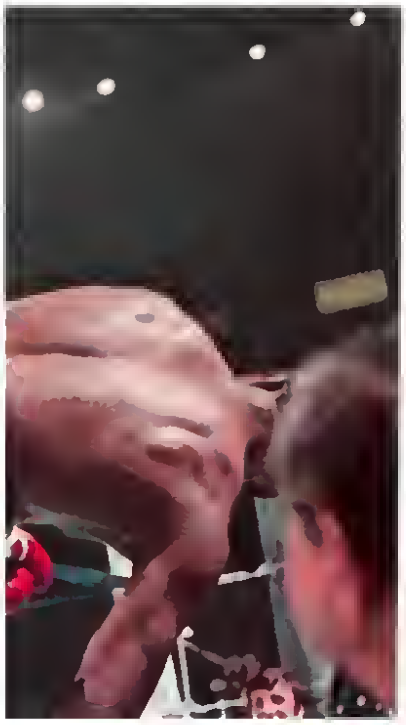
"Never care 'bout money in my life. I'm too rich without money."

"They yellin' fix, too."

"People sure can be dumb when they wanna be," said Ali.

"That's what I say," said the aide. "Why a genius need a fix? A genius knows all the secrets."

All but one: a genius should know he can go too far. **END**



Young ducked out of the ring six times, either to count the house or mark the exit doors.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NEIL LEIFER

TOO MANY TWO-DAY TOURNAMENTS

Failing to qualify for the last 36 holes has become an unhappy habit with Arnold Palmer, whose weekends are free **by DAN JENKINS**

Arnold Palmer to girl at reception desk: "I understand you have a message for me."

Girl at reception desk to Arnold Palmer: "I may have, sir. What's your name?"

This is a true story; it happened last week at the Houston Open, about 4,000 miles from Houston in a tangle of trees and condominiums that is the aptly named Woodlands Country Club. It was just another of those $200,000 tournaments the touring pros play every week, this one won by Lee Elder, the second victory of his career.

But for Arnold Palmer the Houston Open was merely one more chapter in a continuing story: he appeared in name—or reputation—only, shot a couple of nonsensational rounds and missed the cut.

Palmer made modern tournament golf what it is today, and he will always be Arnold Palmer, whether or not girls at reception desks recognize him, but he was in Houston knowing he probably couldn't win, so there were only two logical reasons for his presence: he still likes to hit golf balls and he knows what his name means to a sponsor. Same old Arnold, spreading himself like mayo.

Going into Houston the following things were true of Palmer in the year of the Bicentennial:

1. He had missed the cut in half the events he had played in—Tucson, Orlando, Jacksonville and the Masters.

2. He had earned only $4,697.29 in prize money, which placed him 157th on the money list.

3. He had not won on American soil in more than three years.

4. He had contributed to the gallows humor of golf when, failing to qualify for the Tournament of Champions, which he once won three times in five years, he participated in the Tallahassee Open, a sort of satellite event.

All of this adds up to the worst season Palmer has ever experienced, so he paused last week to chat about it, having nothing better to do.

Arnold admitted he has been told by his fellow pros that there are any number of things wrong with his golf game. His shafts are too stiff, his clubs are too heavy, his hips aren't turning, he isn't

Although the general is making more bogeys than birdies, he still commands his Army.

"extending," he's not "turning over," "coming around," "holding on," "turning loose."

Moreover, he has been told by friends inside and outside the sport that for the good of America, his image, history, youth, democracy and the economy, he should quit, go on a lecture tour, become a czar, industrialist, movie star and all-round retired wonderful person.

There are only two things wrong with all *that*, of course. First, Palmer still loves the competition. And, second, he enjoys being Arnold Palmer.

"What happened to my game was subconscious," Palmer was saying last week. "Looking back on it now, I think I can understand it. About three years ago I relaxed mentally. I'd been in a dead run for 20 years and I thought I wanted to quit running. I wanted to keep playing golf, but I didn't want to prepare as hard mentally. And what happened was, it all kind of fell apart. Now I'm trying to get it back, and it isn't easy."

Arnold made no apologies for playing in Tallahassee. "When I missed the cut at the Masters, I felt terrible," he said. (He had shot a deplorable 81 in the second round.) "But I like Augusta and that's why I stayed around the next day. Then I went to my Florida home and I hit some balls on Sunday. I asked Winnie if she wanted to shag for me. We got in a cart and went out by ourselves to the 4th fairway. I hit about 400 balls. And I started hitting 'em pretty good. I said to Win, 'I think I might go to Tallahassee. They've been wanting me to come down there, and I don't like thinking about how bad I played at Augusta.' She agreed it would be a good thing for me to do."

Palmer would hit golf balls in a gravel dump if there were no place else to hit them, but it pleased him immensely that his presence in Tallahassee "made" the tournament. He shot a 63 in the pro-am, one of his lowest rounds in years, and although he finished in a tie for 15th, he lugged most of the gallery along with him.

Palmer said the reports of his quitting the game were greatly exaggerated, as the saying goes. "Quitting for me might be playing 19 or 20 tournaments a year instead of 30," he said.

Things keep happening to Palmer to remind him that he can still play golf. Were he out there doing nothing but missing cuts and humiliating himself, of course he would quit, he said. But that is not what is happening. Last year he won twice overseas, and while the British PGA and the Spanish Open were not titles to particularly impress an average touring pro, the fields in those tournaments are stronger than the nontraveler realizes, and Palmer won both events in his old-fashioned style. He came from five strokes behind in the final round of the British PGA at Sandwich and he eagled the last hole in the Spanish Open.

Something else that keeps stimulating Palmer is the way he performs in the U.S Open. For the past four years our toughest tournament has brought out the best in him. Last summer he tied for ninth at Medinah. In 1974 he tied for fifth at Winged Foot, and was right in it until the final nine. In 1973 he tied for fourth at Oakmont, and in 1972 at Pebble Beach he was third.

Why?

"The one thing that's better about my golf game in the 1970s than it was in the 1960s is my driving," he said. "The Open demands a straight drive. There's no question I can keep the ball in the fairway better than I used to. I'm not as long, but I'm more consistently straight. Also, I think I get 'up' for the Open and work harder for it."

Everything Palmer did at the Houston Open was typical of the man he is. You start with why he went there in the first place: because one of his old pals, Doug Sanders, the director of golf at Woodlands, asked him to come and help with the crowds.

On Thursday, when the first round was rained out, Palmer went over to Champions Golf Club to see two more old friends, Jimmy Demaret and Jackie Burke.

In the delayed first round on Friday, Arnold commanded the largest gallery in the field, about 3,000, even though his one-under 71 was hardly the most talked-about score of the day. For almost every member of his throng he found the time to autograph programs, shoes, hats and napkins—ever grinning, ever gracious, ever Arnold.

He had a late starting time on Saturday, so what did he do? He spent two hours riding in a cart with Clyde Mangum, the PGA's assistant tournament director. They motored through the woods and lakes as Mangum made rulings and observed play. The players did double-takes when they noticed Palmer in the cart with the PGA official.

"Who's that you've got with you, Clyde?" Ed Sneed asked at one point.

"A trainee," Arnold said.

Perhaps predictably, Arnold was going to miss still another cut. His two rounds of 71-75-146 weren't swift enough for the swift pace. But what Arnold Palmer was and is and what he means to the game were best summed up by a conversation in the clubhouse Saturday afternoon.

A lady fan had just arrived and she asked a friend how the tournament was going.

"Hubert Green's in the lead," said the friend. "Want to go catch him?"

"I'm gonna watch Palmer," said the lady.

"Palmer ain't doing nothing," she was told.

Slightly offended at the news, the lady said, "Well, if Palmer ain't doing nothing, why in the world am I here?" **END**

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERIC SCHWEIKARDT

Don't ask Palmer how it's going. It's not

SEVEN DAYS, ONE OF THEM IN MAY

In which our man encountars an ambitiaus dachshund, a possible communicatians gap, class in a threa-button suit, two angry geniusas, an ald canter, a U.S. Senator and the questions of Ethnic Purity **by CURRY KIRKPATRICK**

A man in possession of an air-travel card, a six-pack of Visine and absalutely no discernible wits set off on a punishing crusade through the pro basketball playaffs last week. Determined ta establish an interplanetary endurance recard in the art of observing loose-ball fouls, he was equally intent on breaking the barrier of the 24-hour day. Unslaked by the desultory regular season, he kept muttering to himself, "I be lookin' for some real 'ball now." In six cities, seven days and four different time zones, he seemed to have found it.

MONDAY LANDOVER, MA.
Gavernment saurces say Washingtan Bullets Coach K. C. Janes may be replaced at any moment by the mascot dachshund, Tiny. Because the famous sala artists wha make up the Bullets were humiliated in the 1975 finals and failed ta win their division this year; because Elvin Hayes, Dave Bing and Phil Chenier have been on personal roller caasters; and because Jones, always a quiet, withdrawn sort, seems to have lost cammunicatian with his team, the Bullets must beat the Cleveland Cavaliers tonight or the coach is gone.

At four seconds, Snyder's shot over Chenier beats Washington and starts a mob scene.

Washingtan is in horrid straits owing to mental errars by Hayes, Bing and even Wes Unseld. They have bestowed on Cleveland twa last-secand victary gifts and a 3-2 edge. Jones says his rumared demise is "just paper talk," but impeachment talk is in the D.C. air again.

Typically, the Bullets rush aff to a 17-point lead in the first half. But Cleveland's Austin Carr leaves the bench to scare 27 paints and the Cavaliers rally to a six-paint deficit, 81–75.

Washington's maligned Hayes is everywhere, combining 28 points with 13 rebaunds and eight blocked shats. The Cavs' starting guards, Dick Snyder and Jim Cleamans, are nawhere, shooting 19 times and missing 19. Then Cleveland Coach Bill Fitch parks his hat Carr in the garage in arder ta ga with his starters. The Cavs tie at 88, but Fitch's move looks questionable when Cleamans, not Carr, misses two open game-winning jumpers in the last minute.

In the overtime Washington slips ahead. With 1:02 left, Hayes banks in his pet turnaround for the clinching basket and a 102–98 victory. "It's a rhythm thing. Nobady been stopping that shat for eight years," Hayes says. "Our early lead meant nothing. You don't lase games in the first quarter." Hayes is asked if you *win* games in the first quarter. "Oh, sure," he says.

Chief Gentry, the trainer far Tiny, cries out in the locker room. "Tiny, Tiny! Where are you?" The dag is faund being trampled by the press in the caach's affice. Tiny obviously wants the job.

TUESDAY PHOENIX

Jerry Colangelo, general manager of the Suns, wakes up in New York after an evening at P.J. Clarke's with his high school baseball buddy, Jim Bouton. It is *4 a.m. Phoenix time, barely 15½ hours* before tip-off for "the product."

Because of Colangelo's business acumen—he likes to refer to the Suns as "the product"—he has become a renowned survivor. Early on, the GM began firing coaches and taking the reins himself. Big talents with bigger temperaments betrayed him. Once fifth in the NBA in gate receipts, the Suns dropped to 16th.

Bad apples were exchanged for nameless Suns who rose faceless, unselfish, in the West. Tonight before a record 13,192 they face the Seattle SuperSonics, for a chance to advance to the division finals.

As Colangelo flies home, Paul Westphal plans the menu for a victory party. Ricky Sobers sees *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*. Alvan Adams wolfs down "my usual steak and good old asparagus." Garfield Heard listens to jazz. Starters now, these men were nowhere near Phoenix last season. Dick Van Arsdale was. The very first expansion Sun, Dick sits at home with his twin brother Tom. He says he "hasn't been this excited since high school."

The Phoenix coach, John MacLeod, hits golf balls. It is about the only time MacLeod is out of a suit. Not a leisure suit like Glen Campbell and those other polyester turkeys wear. A real suit. Glen plaids, pinstripes. Vested suits, for heaven's sake. Carol MacLeod says her husband looks "classy" in suits.

The Suns look even classier in the game. Westphal, Sobers and the long-lost UCLA volleyballer, Keith Erickson, combine to make 26 of 38 shots. Seven Suns score in double figures. Phoenix romps 123–112.

While it is still a contest, Colangelo yells at Referee Jake O'Donnell. The official stares him down. Colangelo stares right back. Then MacLeod walks down the sidelines and shouts at his boss, "Jerry, come on. Settle down. Shut up."

Later the two laugh about the incident. Two years ago as a rookie coach, MacLeod lost 18 straight on the road for Colangelo. Now he instructs him in how to act during playoffs. Classy.

Thompson does one of his patented numbers behind and through Kentucky's Wil Jones.

WEDNESDAY DENVER

There is blood on the ABA tracks. In the NBA they only *talk* nasty, but in the younger league they put up their dukes. The Kentucky-Denver matchup, tied 3-3, has burst into fire and ice.

Hubie Brown, coach of the defending champion Colonels, and Larry Brown, leader of the heir-apparent Nuggets, are at swords' points, sarcastically referring to one another as "that genius."

L. Brown blasts H. Brown for not controlling his players. H. Brown calls L. Brown "the biggest crybaby in the league."

Kentucky has Denver stymied with an offense using the quick penetration of Bird Averitt. The Bird has been flying with 40 points in one victory, 34 in another.

As the ABA's largest crowd ever, 18,821, settles in, Hubie Brown buries the hatchet. "This crowd, this arena and this game," he says, "will be a tribute to our league and to basketball."

One man makes it so. David Thompson comes to play. The Denver rookie has been frustrated so far in the series. After one Nugget defeat he sobbed shamelessly.

Now with his team behind, Thompson soars and dives and banks for 10 second-quarter points and a 57–56 Denver halftime lead.

In the third quarter the Nuggets are behind again when that inevitable magic moment arrives. Thompson floats above the lane. Artis Gilmore goes up in front of him. At the ceiling Gilmore cleanly blocks while Wil Jones bangs Thompson from the side. But somehow David pulls back the ball, double-pumps, hangs some more and lofts it over everybody for the score. It is a slap-five-and-stomp-your-brains-out play. It is the beginning of a 17–6 Denver spurt in which he scores 11 points.

The Nuggets' lead is 10, then 16 while Thompson is hitting eight straight baskets from all over. At the end of Denver's 133–110 victory, Nugget Bobby Jones has five blocks, Ralph Simpson 14

continued

assists and Dan Issel 24 points and 12 rebounds in outplaying his old teammate Gilmore. But dynamite David Thompson, who says, "Once I get going, it's hard to stop," contributes 40 points, 10 rebounds, five assists.

"Fantastic, simply amazing," Gilmore sighs. "This kid is in a category of his own."

THURSDAY RICHFIELD, OHIO

Welcome to the Coliseum in the cow pasture. The land of the maniacs. The Din of Destiny. They are lined up on the highways for hours dressed in miners' helmets with revolving lights on top, driving vans with toy dead chickens tied behind. Raging in the parking lot, they vow to kidnap a German shepherd and sic him on poor Tiny, the dachshund. This is the NBA's largest playoff crowd, 21,564 screamers here to watch their beloved Cleveland Cavaliers do it to Washington one more time.

Thankfully, the frightening vigilante menace never breaks out to mar the final contest in what has been an exhausting, emotional and dramatic series.

After the Bullets' Chenier (31 points) and the Cavs' Dick Snyder (23) have shot the lights out; after The Old Man and The E (Cleveland's Nate Thurmond and Washington's Elvin Hayes) have chewed up the low battlegrounds; after both teams have spilled their hearts out there on the wood, fittingly it comes down to 85–85. Cleveland ball. Twenty-four seconds left.

The Cavs work the clock down to nine seconds and call time. "We've got a foul to give. Tell K.C. Tell him," a Bullet executive screams. "Shut up, we know it," another exec screams back.

Suddenly Snyder has the ball isolated on Wes Unseld. He fakes middle, then drives left to the basket. As Chenier rushes under, Snyder is in the air from eight feet, flinging the ball high on the glass. It drops. Cleveland wins 87–85. Instant hysteria.

Multitudes attack the court and swing on the rims and climb on the backboards. There is a moment of panic when, in slow motion, one basket support topples into the crowd.

Kids leap from the stands and flatten press tables. Grown-ups tear posters and throw chairs. The wife of Tiny's trainer blindsides two writers and sends them sprawling. Fights break out. Mob violence threatens. It is *The Day of the Locust* minus Abe the dwarf.

At 2 a.m. they are still cheering radio replays. Friends hug strangers and kiss and dance into the wee morning. Cleveland Owner Nick Mileti wanders around in a daze. Finally a journalist named Dennis hops down from his barstool and an overwhelming feeling of *dejà vu* descends. It must be *The Night of the Locust*. Dennis is, yes, a dwarf.

FRIDAY BOSTON

New Englanders don't know whether to laugh or cry. Their Boston Celtics had wiped out the Buffalo Braves twice but then Ethnic Purity entered the picture: it was the little prince himself, Ernie DiGregorio.

Ernie D is from Providence, of course. Speaks with broad a's. Knows about quahogs. New England's own. So all the man did for Buffalo in Games Three and Four was scatter the Celtics into Canada with arching mortar passes and clutch baskets. We love our Celtics but, oh, you Ernie. He tied up the series all by himself.

Bob Ryan in the *Globe* writes a love letter to DiGregorio, calling him "the most gifted floor leader since the Cooz . . . that rarity among pro athletes in that he always says hello first."

Rhode Island Senator John Pastore phones Red Auerbach regarding the Celtics' decision to black out the telecast of the game in New England. The blackout is lifted. We love our Celtics but, oh, you election year.

It is nearly forgotten that John Havlicek, out with "torn fascia" (which is not an Andy Warhol starlet but a foot injury), is returning to the Celtic lineup, that Dave Cowens and Paul Silas, your essential greatest-power-forward-to-go-unrecognized-in-history, are ready to abandon conservatism, kick butts and take names.

Comes the eve. When the Braves discover Ernie D cannot dribble past Charlie Scott's long arms, they begin running around, as DiGregorio says later, "like chickens with our heads cut off."

Havlicek moves the Celtics. The tag-team duo of Hurricane Red (Cowens) and Paul Maul (Silas) wrestles McAdoo into the upper decks. Red cranks up for 30 points while Maul adds 15 to his 22 rebounds. Above all, Scott envelops Ernie D as the Celtics win 99–88 while taking a whopping 30 more shots than Buffalo. "And we're supposed to be the running team," DiGregorio says.

The feeling exists that now that the Celtics have cut the head (Ernie D), the body will die. "I want to get this series over with," says Cowens. "You get tired of looking at the same damn guys. It seems like practice."

SUNDAY OAKLAND

The champions are tired. Having finished off the Pistons in Detroit just 39 hours earlier in a torturous overtime game, the Golden State Warriors must begin the Western Division finals as dawn comes up like thunder 'cross the Bay, so that television may be accommodated. The Warriors seem in emotional tatters after their tough battle against the put-upon Pistons, whose coach, the hyperactive Herb Brown, emerged as the most unexpectedly adroit tactician since Marko Todorovich was guiding Tri-Cities in 1951. In the deciding contest Rick Barry wailed so much about the refereeing that teammates seeking to restrain him pushed him over a chair in the runway. Whereupon a kindly old Motown gentleman tried to poke out his eyes with a cane. "My kids should die if I hit anybody on those fouls," Barry said later.

Like all good Catholic boys, Mr. Hair-So-New is bright and shiny on Sunday against the Phoenix Suns. Many Warriors have harsh words for CBS, but Barry, an off-season announcer for the network, says the 11:40 a.m. starting time is merely "an evil we have to live with."

The brunchlike atmosphere takes its toll as both teams throw air balls, dribble off their sneakers, yawn a lot. Even Barry misses three early layups before scoring eight of 10 Warrior baskets in the middle of the first half for a 42–32 Golden State lead.

The Warriors spend most of the time after intermission wondering how many times Clifford (Sting) Ray will scowl and jam before he gets it right. One of his dunks bounces so high off the rim the infield fly rule is invoked. "I lose sight of the ball up close," says Ray.

After Barry finishes with 38 points and six steals in Golden State's 128–103 victory, he admits he missed Mass. "I'm not devout," he says. "I figure He knows what's happening."

What's happening is that Denver and New York are still alive in the ABA; Boston, Cleveland and Phoenix still kicking in the NBA. The Golden State Warriors go home to take a nap. END

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IN THE BACK HE'S WAY OUT FRONT

A self-described 'semiamphibian water mammal,' 6′6″ John Naber spends enough of his frenetic life immersed to be a good bet to win three gold medals at the Olympics

by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN G. ZIMMERMAN

A hush fell over the crowd packed into Brown University's Smith Swimming Center for the 1976 NCAA championships. In the water, Southern Cal's John Naber maneuvered his long, bony body to the wall, concentrating on the race he was about to swim, the 100-yard backstroke. Suddenly Naber noticed an ABC-TV camera trained on him. He flashed a here-I-am-world grin, then issued a joyful "Hi, Mom!" for the folks at home in Menlo Park, Calif. That done, he went ahead and won the race.

If John Naber can shamelessly ham it up before a big race, it is only natural that he carries on a bit afterward, too. Accordingly, it is well documented that Naber has celebrated swimming triumphs by enveloping astonished rivals with bear hugs, flinging roses into the crowd and randomly kissing any coed who happens to cross his path on a pool deck. A storklike figure at 6′6″ and 195 pounds, he flaps around at other times adding new names to the list of 30-odd pen pals with whom he regularly corresponds or merrily tackling any and all subjects with reporters, from his fondness for trivia questions ("loads of fun") to his profoundest philosophical underpinnings ("The quality I treasure most is honesty . . .").

As for what makes him prance and pontificate, Naber is characteristically forthcoming "I'm having a great time," he enthuses, an explanation that surely applied to the moment, also at Brown, when he mounted the victory stand, produced an Instamatic and startled the assembled photographers by snapping away at *them*. "I wanted to turn the tables on those guys," he said.

However he explains his antics, John Naber towers over swimming today by reason of his gangly height, the 14 American records he has set and, as much as anything, his exuberance. A 20-year-old junior, he has led Southern Cal to three straight NCAA championships and is well on the way to establishing himself as the most accomplished swimmer in collegiate history. Meanwhile, he looms as a good bet to win three gold medals at the 1976 Olympics.

Any such performance by Naber at Montreal would give the world an Olympic hero longer on personality than physical grace, the reverse of the image that Mark Spitz projected in 1972. Inspired by his physique, so free of definition that a fireman would feel comfortable sliding down it, Naber's USC teammates call him "Snake," which also covers the low, flat and sinuous way he slips through the water. Naber has picked up a couple of other nicknames that acknowledge his freewheeling nature. One is The Politician. Another is The Roman Candle.

He admirably lives up to these handles, too. As a teen-ager in Menlo Park, a shady suburb of San Francisco, he glad-handed his way to the presidency of the 2,000-member student body at Woodside High School, a success he credits to his popularity with "the straight-arrow crowd." Now a prominent member of USC's thriving Christian movement, he speaks with palpable sincerity about the joys of nature, the evils of narcotics and the importance of helping life's unfortunates. The Politician? Unleashed against any of this year's presidential hopefuls, it is hard to imagine John Naber carrying fewer than 40 states.

Less susceptible to prognosis is how he might celebrate such a triumph—which is where the Roman Candle business enters in. In a sport in which many athletes would never so much as smile without the coach's consent, Naber's impetuousness inevitably strikes some as excessive. Indiana sprint star Jim Montgomery shakes his head and concludes sadly, "Naber's a fruitcake." Perhaps worse, UCLA's Bruce Hardcastle, a perennial runner-up to Naber in the backstroke, sees in his rival's hail-fellow manner a touch of the Machiavellian.

"John is always so friendly, and that makes it hard to swim against him," Hardcastle complains. "I sometimes think he does it for a purpose. Like before

continued

a race he'll say, 'Let's you and I go one-two.' I know he means *I'm* the one finishing second. That's when I tell myself, 'Hey, maybe this guy's not *that* nice.' "

But Olympic hero Charlie Hickcox, now an AAU coach in Cincinnati, takes a different view. "Most great athletes are emotional," he says. "Naber just shows it more. There's nothing wrong with that." Naber also wins favor from a number of teen-age fans who, pleased to find a swimmer who will actually smile and wave at the crowd, have formed John Naber card sections at meets. Naber's showmanship impresses USC-bound Canadian backstroker Steve Pickell, who says, "John is outgoing and that's good for swimming because people notice him."

It is yet another sign of his fundamental enthusiasm that Naber himself appears to embrace all these viewpoints at once. "I *do* get carried away," he allows, "I guess I just enjoy being in the limelight." But there was also the revealing moment after Naber won high-point honors at last month's AAU championships in Long Beach's Belmont Plaza pool, a meet that many collegians, having swum in the NCAAs the week before, shrugged off as unimportant. Accepting congratulations on the pool deck, Naber declared with sudden gravity, "Any swimmer who took this meet lightly did a disservice to the fans, the press and, thereby, themselves." End of lecture.

Naber's most memorable moments in the limelight include his early portrayals of Jack the Giant Killer, never mind that he happens to be shaped more like the beanstalk. Swimmers are allowed to enter three individual events at NCAA meets, and as a freshman in 1974 Naber won the 100- and 200-yard backstrokes and the 500-yard freestyle to lead USC to a stunning one-point upset that snapped the six-year reign of supposedly invincible Indiana. Later that same year he broke the even longer unbeaten streak—a seven-year stretch—of backstroker Roland Matthes, whipping the East German star in the 100- and 200-meter at the historic U.S.-GDR dual meet at Concord, Calif.

Having exhausted the possibilities of Jack, Naber now plays the giant just as convincingly. As a sophomore in the NCAAs he again won both backstrokes and the 500 as USC beat the Hoosiers far more handily. Though he saw his streak snapped at Brown this spring when Long Beach State freshman Tim Shaw outdueled him in the 500, Naber nevertheless helped USC breeze to another team title by once more winning both backstrokes, raising his total of NCAA wins to eight. As a senior Naber should tie or break the record of nine titles held by Washington's Jack Medica in the 1930s and duplicated by USC's Roy Saari in the '60s.

One effect of the loss to Shaw, however, was to tone down Naber's Olympic ambitions. A backstroker blessed with endurance, Naber wistfully notes, "My strongest event would be the 800 backstroke." Unfortunately, the backstroke is staged at distances no greater than 200 meters. Specializing in backstroke while also swimming freestyle clear up to 1,650 yards, the sport's longest event, Naber has been able to mix short and long with almost unbelievable results: going into the Brown meet, he held six American records—four of them in backstroke (100 and 200 yards and 100 and 200 meters), the others in the 500 and 1,650. And there was some heady thinking on Naber's part that he might be in line for six or more Olympic gold medals.

When Tim Shaw was done with him at Brown, both of Naber's freestyle records were gone and his gold-medal prospects were reduced, realistically, to the two backstroke events. Having ruled that stroke for two years (though he has not yet broken Matthes' world records), Naber figures to win both events at Montreal and swim the backstroke leg on a victorious U.S. 400-meter medley relay. As for freestyle, Naber admitted after the NCAAs, "It's hard to imagine winning golds now." But at next month's U.S. Trials in Long Beach, he still intends to seek berths on the team in the 400- and 1,500-meter and the 800 free relay. "If I could win a silver or bronze in freestyle, that would be O.K., too," he reasons.

If Naber has a long reach in swimming, it is consistent with the frenetic pace of his daily life at USC. While spending four hours a day at swim workouts and maintaining a solid B average, he also participates in four Bible-study groups a week and works as resident adviser in his predominantly freshman dormitory, serving as mother hen to 25 students. The job pays room and board, both of which he was already receiving on athletic scholarship, which means he took it, in effect, without compensation. Kent Walton, the dorm's head resident adviser, marvels, "It's an almost unbelievable thing for a varsity athlete to do."

But Naber laughs and says, somewhat cryptically, "I love responsibility—as long as it's responsibility I choose. It's the same with opening a door for a girl. I'll do it, but only if *I* want to, not because society says I have to."

Independence, in fact, is something of a Naber obsession. Asked why he never pledged a fraternity, he replies melodramatically, "The Trojan swim team is my fraternity." Yet Naber refuses to wear his USC letterman's jacket ("my chlorine-bleached hair is uniform enough") and he cultivates non-jock friends during ritual two-hour lunches at a campus cafeteria, elaborate exercises in table-hopping during which he takes his appetizer with one group, his main course with another, his dessert with yet another. "I knew John for two months before I learned he was a swimmer," says Jane Paul, a sometime date who met Naber in the cafeteria. "He was just Big Friendly John."

Big Friendly John also has a quieter side to him, something he spoke of one day after lunch while sitting in his dormitory room, a tidy cubicle dominated by a poster picturing a mist-shrouded Norwegian fjord. Dangling his long legs over a chair, he said, "People think John Naber is outgoing, confident and brash—period. But I also enjoy looking inward. It brings me down to earth." Then he rattled off an exhausting list of his quieter pleasures, which include Sunday afternoon walks, half-hour showers, strumming a guitar, bicycle rides and driving "nowhere" in his 1970 Duster.

As such things are measured in the sport, swimming found a place in Naber's obviously crowded scheme of things somewhat belatedly. Kids in California take up competitive swimming as early as six or seven, but John and the other Naber children—Fred, now 22, Nancy, 18, and Rob, 15—stayed pretty much dry while spending a good chunk of their shared childhood in Italy and England, where their father, a management consultant, worked for seven years. Phil Naber is 6′6″, his wife Joan 5′11″, and young John sprouted so fast that his Italian teachers took to calling him *il gigante*.

But the boy was also ungainly, a family joke having it that he played soccer dozens of times in Europe without once actually kicking a ball. On their return to the U.S. the Nabers visited relatives in Illinois, and John became goggle-eyed over a cousin's modest collection of swimming ribbons. After the Nabers settled in

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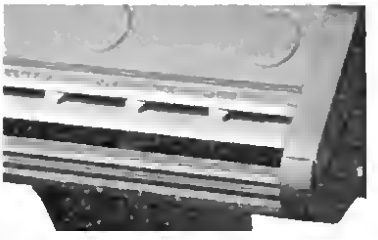

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northern California, John, at the relatively advanced age of 13, began thrashing through the water for Coach George French at the Ladera Oaks Aquatic Club.

"He was tremendously uncoordinated," affirms French, who has since moved to the Palo Alto Swim Club. "But he worked harder than anybody in the pool." Happily, Naber's *loose-jointed* physique actually helped him as a swimmer. Long-muscled and long-armed, he developed a deep kick, powered by wide feet—they are now 12 EEEE—that helped him, he says wryly, "no more than if I were wearing fins."

Another Naber drollery is to refer to himself as "a semiamphibian water mammal," which is his way of saying that he remained awkward and accident-prone on land even while he improved rapidly as a swimmer. In the 1972 Olympic Trials, 16-year-old John Naber placed fifth in the 200 backstroke—the top three finishers made the U.S team—even though he was still recovering from a broken collarbone suffered four months earlier in poolside horseplay. In Cincinnati for the 1973 AAU indoor championships, Naber phoned his family's hillside home in Menlo Park and reported in a gloomy voice, "I've broken something today."

"Oh, John, what *now*?"

"The American record in the 200 back."

That record, Naber's first, came in a preliminary heat, and he celebrated with his now-familiar flair, turning one frenzied underwater somersault after another. When he won the finals the same evening, Naber rejoiced with a manic water-slapping victory lap that could have passed for a comedy routine left over from Billy Rose's Aquacade.

Naber's emergence as a standout swimmer *coincided* with his *spiritual* awakening. He was raised as a Presbyterian but attended church irregularly, and says now, "I was the big swimmer, the student body president and all, but something was missing." In his senior year Naber heard an evangelist speak at Woodside High, and dedicated his life to Christ, a decision he feels has influenced his swimming in every way. "Jesus helps get me through my losses," he says. "Having Him in my heart also gives me somebody to share my wins with."

Naber deems it his "Christian duty" to serve as a model for others. He does not smoke, eschews premarital sex and seldom uses language stronger than comic-book epithets like "dang," or "rats"; if truly angered, he paints the air not-quite-blue with "Oh, shine it!" When another American swimmer decided to become a Christian last year during a trip to Japan, Naber was delighted to baptize him—dunking the convert, who wore his racing suit, in the bathtub of a Tokyo hotel room.

At the same time Naber has become wary about appearing overzealous. At last year's NCAA meet in Cleveland he clasped his hands in prayer both before and after races and concluded a national TV interview with a ringing "Praise Jesus!" When mail arrived castigating him

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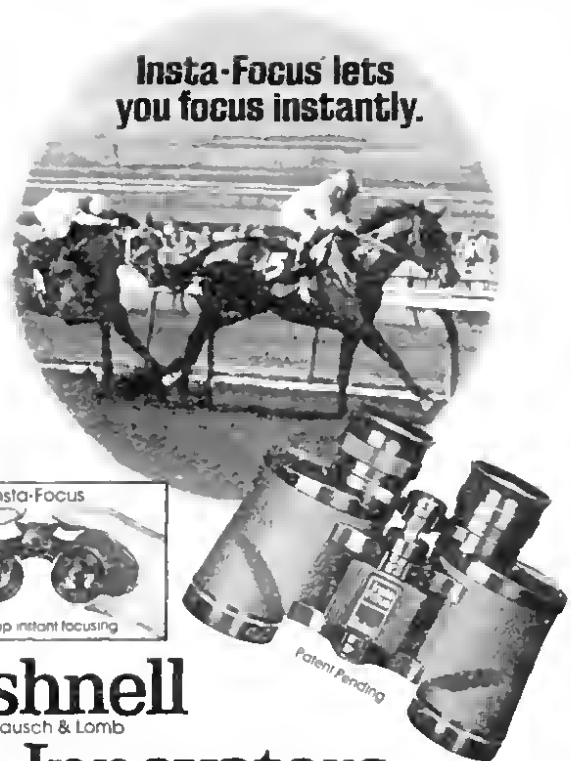

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as a "Jesus freak," he complained, "Those people don't understand. I don't pray for help in winning but to make me humble and keep my head together after the race." At recent meets Naber has pretty much kept his prayers private. "I don't want anybody to think I'm trying to convert them," he says.

It is unlikely that Naber could ever let himself be completely curbed. On swim trips he is forever organizing watermelon seed-spitting or saltine cracker-eating contests. Mention one or another of his opponents, and he can be counted on to say, unblinkingly, "Oh, he's one of my best friends." Such Naberly words were translated into action during the NCAAs at Brown when Indiana's Mel Nash, swimming in a lane next to Naber in a heat of the 200 backstroke, failed to hear the gun signaling a false start and kept on going. Naber came to the rescue, flinging himself across the lane marker to stop him. Visibly moved, Nash reached out and tousled Naber's hair.

All this effusiveness can sometimes be cause for concern. Working himself into *an emotional froth, the already lean Na*ber has lost as much as 13 pounds at big meets and has also hollered himself hoarse. On one occasion he got so worked up that his face broke out. After defeating Roland Matthes at Concord, Naber wept when the East German gave him a GDR sweat suit as a memento. Returning after the meet to his parents' house, he put on Matthes' deep blue sweats and retreated to the basement to shoot pool by himself. His mother remembers hearing the forlorn click-click of pool balls for hours.

"John is very sentimental," says Joan Naber. "Raise the flag, kick a dog or mention mother and he gets choked up."

The possibility that The Roman Candle might self-destruct especially worries USC Coach Peter Daland, whose Trojans have finished no worse than third in the NCAAs in the past 17 years. Daland is a cultured, formal man who expects his swimmers to call him "Mr. Daland," which did not prevent Naber from breezing up to him one day at the USC pool and chirping, "Hey, Peter—I mean Mr. Daland." Of that slip, Naber later said, "To me, first names mean love, and I love Coach Daland as a father." With a smile, he added, "A Victorian father." Daland says, "Many of my swimmers are technocrats interested only in computers and electrodes, but John is a humanist who

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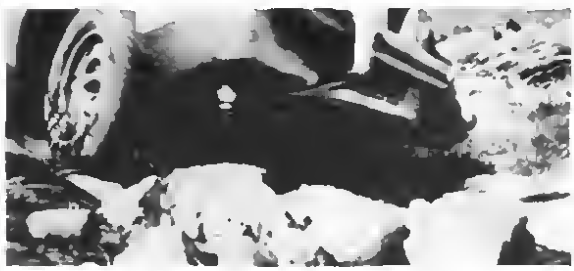


How SEARS ROADHANDLER tamed the historic route of the Pony Express.

To demonstrate the strength built into the Sears RoadHandler steel-belted radial, Sears devised a really tough endurance trial.

Driving day and night in shifts, professional drivers ran a set of four Sears RoadHandlers more than 40,000 miles. Over every kind of road most people ever encounter—turnpikes, county and farm roads, city and suburban streets, twisting mountain routes.

Then they took on the century-old route of the Pony Express. Two-thousand miles from St Joseph, Missouri, to Sacramento, California More than half of it across raw, open land.

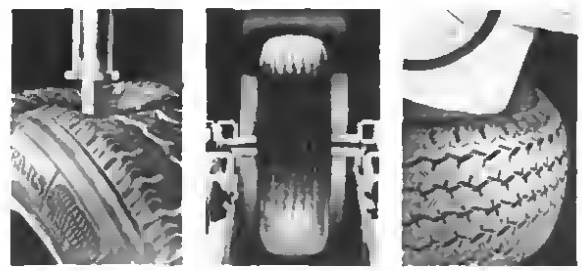
Running over rocks. Blasting through sand Clattering over shale. Scraping against cactus and sagebrush. Plowing through stony stream beds and dry washes.

Not to mention the scorching salt flats, the dust bowls, the lava rock deserts. 42,000 miles without a blowout.

When the run was over, every inch of those tires was examined

Not a single failure showed up

Sears RoadHandler. The longest-wearing, best-handling, steel-belted radial *ever* from Sears. Remember, only Sears offers you RoadHandler.



How SEARS ROADHANDLER, after 42,000 demanding miles, still exceeded Federal safety standards for new tires.

We took *the* same Sears RoadHandlers that had already run 40,000 miles and the rugged 2,000 mile Route of the Pony Express Then, under carefully conducted laboratory conditions, we put them to the same tests new tires have to pass, under Federal Motor Vehicle Safety Standard 109. In each test Sears RoadHandler exceeded the Safety Standard requirements.

Tests for strength. A steel plunger rams into the tread with 2,600 pounds behind it—the legal minimum for new tires Sears RoadHandler actually withstood over 2½ times this force

Test for endurance. With added overload pressures exceeding 17% to increase flexing and fatigue, Sears RoadHandler ran continuously at 50 mph for another 1,800 miles and kept right on going

Tests for bead-unseating. 2,000 pounds push into the sidewall, to see if the tire stays on the wheel rim (if it doesn't, it might not stay on in hard turns, either) Sears RoadHandler exceeded this requirement, too.

And after all that, the tires didn't show a sign of failure anywhere. Even under careful X-ray examination.

SEARS ROADHANDLER

SOLD ONLY AT SEARS

AND TESTS OF ROADHANDLER radial could be your best tire buy.

How SEARS ROADHANDLER proved itself in the wet. Some remarkable cornering and stopping specifics.

Sears RoadHandler was engineered to set a higher standard for Sears tires in wet driving traction. They now have a bigger "Footprint" than the original Sears Steel-Belted Radial that beat the Baja. And a deeper tread—so more water can travel along the grooves instead of between the tire surface and the rainy road. An extra tread row with more secondary grooves squeegees away water and helps prevent *hydroplaning*, or skidding on a thin film of water at highway speeds.

So successful was this design that Sears RoadHandler actually showed a whopping 15% improvement in wet cornering ability in laboratory tests.

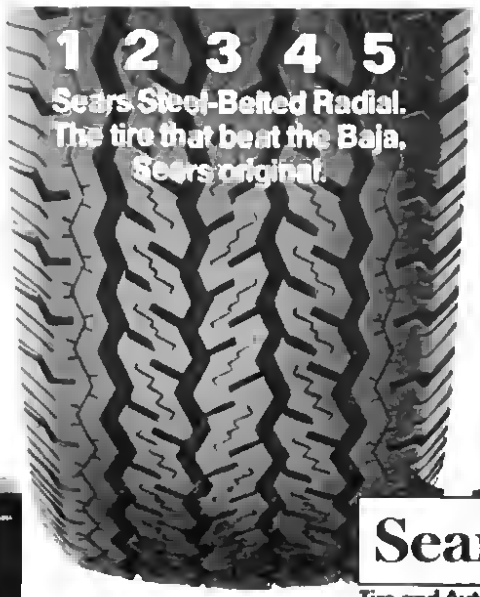
In fact, Sears RoadHandler ultimately outperformed its famous predecessor in virtually *every* area of traction:

- **15% better wet cornering.**
- **3% better dry cornering.**
- **3% better wet stopping.**
- **5% better dry stopping.**

(Tests conducted under controlled laboratory conditions at Calspan Corporation's Tire Research Facility, Buffalo, N.Y.)

Exhaustive testing. This, of course, doesn't mean that Sears RoadHandler is fool-proof. No tire is. But this tire is superbly engineered. It has to be to be sold and backed by Sears.

Free 26-page "Proof of Performance" booklet. For more information about Sears Steel-Belted Radials including Sears RoadHandler and other useful facts, write Sears Roebuck and Co. Dept. 695S, Sears Tower, Chicago, Illinois 60684. Or pick up a copy at any Sears Tire and Auto Center.



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cares about people. The trouble is, he spreads himself so thin physically and emotionally. This makes him a marvelous human being, but it may not always help him as a swimmer."

In the middle of this past college season, Naber came down with a fairly acute, if not unforeseeable, case of the blahs. Reeling under his packed schedule, he fell behind in his studies, and his swimming suffered, too. After performing poorly in one of Southern Cal's dual meets, he returned to his room, mournfully played the guitar and, as he later confessed, had "a real good cry." Sympathizing with Naber during this period, freestyler Joe Bottom, his closest friend on the USC team, said, "Being unbeaten in the NCAAs has put pressure on John. It might help him to lose a big one for a change."

When Naber was beaten by Shaw in the 500 at Brown, he proved as ebullient in defeat as in victory, holding aloft Shaw's hand and coaxing the shy Long Beach State swimmer to wave to the crowd. Naber later confided, "Maybe Joe was right. I sure didn't like losing to Tim, but I think it's going to take some pressure off."

Also looking ahead, Mike Hastings, the present coach at Ladera Oaks, where Naber still swims in the summer, believes that *il gigante* is only now reaching his athletic potential. "John was slow to mature physically," says Hastings. "But he's getting stronger and a little more graceful now, and it's going to make him that much tougher." As for the merry-go-round he is on, Naber believes that in the long run it will help him avoid the fate of a USC star who is said to have dropped everything a few years back—job, classes, social life—to train for the Olympics, only to fail to make the U.S. team.

"The story is, he let swimming become his whole life and burned himself out," Naber says. "I don't think that can happen to me."

Naber's confidence on that score is illustrated by the red-white-and-blue knitted cap he keeps hidden away, the purpose of which he reveals with a sly grin. "When they announce the U.S. team at the Olympic Trials, I'm going to wait for just the right moment," he says. "Then I'll dramatically put on the cap. People will probably think it's corny and cocky." On the contrary, by this time most Naber-watchers would be disappointed by anything less. END

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Play As You Go

Maryland's Mount St. Mary's College offers the usual linaup of libaral arts courses, but its 1,200 students take part in sports to an unusual degrae, learning whet many kids fail to learn at bigger schools—that the days they spend playing games will ba among the best days of their lives

by BIL GILBERT

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES DRAKE

A middle-aged man, who came as a freshman, went elsewhere for graduate work but returned to spend his life teaching at Mount St. Mary's, says in explanation and self-defense, "This has been a good place to live and raise a family. It is a very pretty place."

"What a lovely spot for a college, such a pretty place to go to school," a mother enthuses while strolling on campus with her student son.

Having delivered the obligatory critique on the backwardness of his instructors, the poor quality of campus food and girls, a senior adds with irony, "But as the catalog says, you certainly can't beat the scenery."

Mount St. Mary's is a college of 1,200 students in Emmitsburg in the foothills of the Blue Ridge in western Maryland. The Mount has been there a long time, since 1808, and is (as the catalog keeps saying) the oldest independent Catholic college in the United States. The eight or 10 major buildings have been erected as the need arose and resources permitted. There was no master plan but all are vaguely of the fortress gothic style, heavy gray structures now softened by vines, by thickets, by groves of trees—oak, maple, tulip poplar, sycamore, white pine. Like the backyards in a one-street village, the turfed lawns, terraces and playing fields of the college merge without formal demarcation into the farmlands of the Monocacy valley.

Catoctin Mountain, rising sharply only a few paces to the west and to the rear of the administration building, lends great beauty to the campus. Steep, ledgy and covered with the tangled mixed deciduous jungle of the central Appalachians, the mountain always has been poor, unprofitable land to farm. Here

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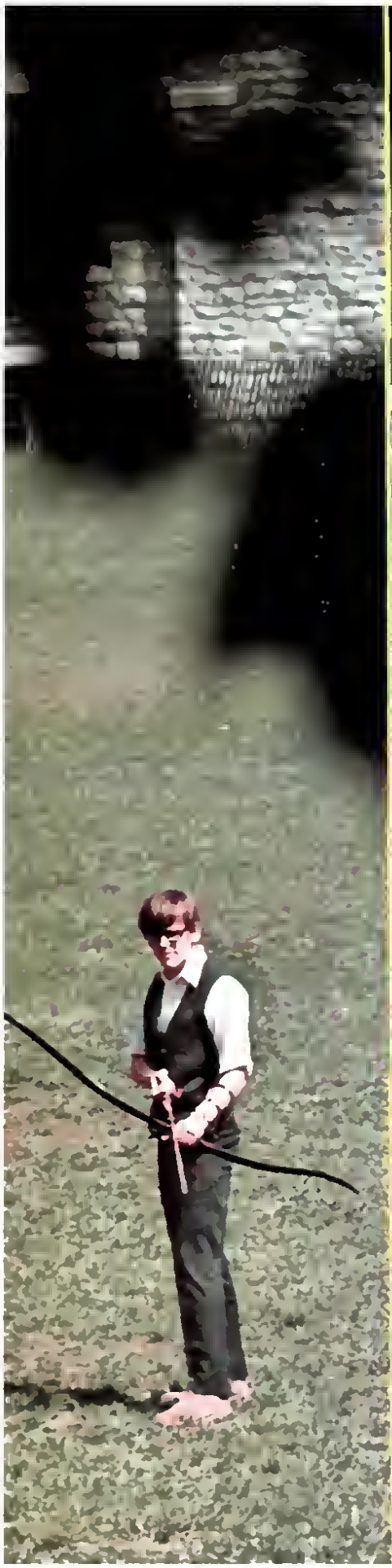

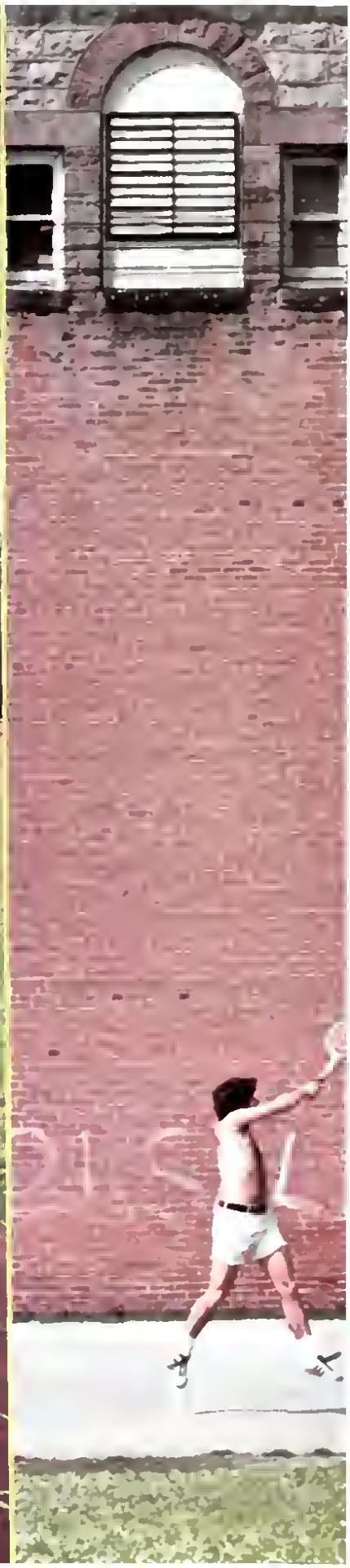

and there old drovers' watering stops in the notches have been restored to a certain quaintness for the dinner trade. There is a ski area on the ridge, a few recreation developments. But Catoctin Mountain is not greatly different from what it was in 1808.

On a summer day, even when heat devils are dancing all across the open Monocacy valley, it is cool, green and soft in the shade of the mountain. In fall the ridgeside is a hot fire of turning oak and maple foliage. After a winter storm the mountain glitters in a filigree of ice and snow. In spring it is an impressionistic daub—redbud, dogwood, shadblow, all manner of delicate greens, pastel upon pastel.

I have come to know the Mount well. I live nearby—in fact, just on the other side of the mountain. I agree that it is a pretty place, but I do not hang around because of the scenery. Rather, it is a very good place to play games. At the Mount I have found satisfying fields, playing partners and opponents. And also insights into larger sporting matters.

Like so many things on the mountainside, the oldest tennis court is located on a wide ledge. Directly above are 30 acres of lacrosse and softball fields. Below is a spring-fed swimming pool. The court was once rolled hardpan; then 40 years or so ago it was covered with asphalt. The surface is now pitted, slopes to the south and in the summer is unbearably hot underfoot. For playing it does not compare to the composition courts that have been built by the college half a mile away. But the old court is much prettier. In the spring morel mushrooms grow on the grassy bank protecting one side. The other three sides are enclosed by a stone wall and fence, on which grow wild flax, woodbine and poison ivy. An immense maple shades and litters the south half of the court. Best of all, a mountain spring flows under the court and out below the ledge. Where it wells up, there is a shallow trough, lined with smooth stones, where players and anyone else can flop on their stomachs and suck up the cold water.

Perhaps it's because of the setting—"This place is out in the sticks," says one Mountie—but more than 90% of the student body is involved in intramural or varsity sport, be it archery track or hitting a ball against a wall

It is a nice afternoon in spring and we are playing paddle ball. Jim Phelan is the athletic director and basketball coach at the Mount; he once played in the NBA. We are frequent opponents. Our skills, or what is left of them, are equal and so is the degree of caring that we bring to games. Each point is wrestled and grunted over and after an hour the points add up to lips caked with dried saliva, shaky legs and an 8–6 set that goes one way one day, the other way the next. We use our own rules, based on tennis, to arrive at the score. On this day we have been nicely transported by an 8–6 set and are leaning against a wall commanding a maze of walks, paths and roadways branching out from the gymnasium. There is a lot of traffic. All the tennis courts are occupied. Runners are jogging toward the track, carrying spikes. Vaulters and putters are laboring along with poles and shots. Basketball players, baseball players and weight lifters are streaming into the gym to gather their gear. Lacrosse, golf and softball players already have theirs and are beating on balls on the field above. In the middle of everything three boys and three girls are flying kites and courting. Something quite like this can be seen at the proper season around other schools and playgrounds. Yet there are times when you become intensely aware of a commonplace thing, the flight of a dragonfly, a combustion engine, a daily newspaper, and are overwhelmed by its marvelousness. This is what has happened.

"Jim, look at all these people playing games on the mountain. There is no way that so many people are going to come together in any other way and look so pretty."

"What else do you suggest they are going to do?"

"Well, they could be fretting about morality, losing their faith in our cherished democratic institutions or molesting your deans."

"Not at the Mount."

A man who has just been stomped 8–6 in a paddle-ball game (or was that the day he got lucky and won 8–6?) is not a fit partner with whom to share soulful and poetic reflections. Mine began with being awed, or at least mightily impressed, with sheer prettiness, and led by circuitous and abstract trails more or less to this: after having been long ignored, sport has recently come under the surveillance of heavy social thinkers. And because of this scrutiny it is now documented that sport, like most other human activities, is corruptible. Sports people and institutions have been found to be greedy, dishonest, vengeful, bigoted, autocratic, dumb and mean.

There are signs that the new sports criticism, after getting in some good and healthy licks, is turning sour and silly. For example, one of the major themes of the new criticism is that games are undermining our morals; specifically, that sports and sports heroes teach that lying, cheating, conspiracy and brutality are acceptable, even desirable, if they contribute to victory or help stave off defeat. The ends-justify-the-means abomination has long plagued humanity. Obsessive concern with paddle-ball scores can make a moral monster of a man, but this rarely happens. More commonly, the lesson is that the pleasures of winning are fleeting and that the agonies of losing are almost always bearable, seldom as bad as a poke in the eye with a sharp stick, or a broken heart.

Most people do not play games to become rich and powerful, to undermine the republic or to give vent to sadistic impulses. They play because sport provides stimulation, joy and escape.

All of which, worked out in this fashion, is slow, heavy and complicated. But now, as I leaned against the wall by the old tennis court, my speculations seemed quick, light and simple.

The Mount is not offered as an athletic Camelot in which sport is magically pure. Rather the Mount provides a good background against which the common nature, uses and virtues of sport can be seen and contemplated.

"Jim, that thing I was talking about the other day—how pretty everyone looked playing games. Now I think it is significant."

"Oh, no."

"I'm serious. How many people play games? Not the kite fliers but more or less organized sport?"

"I'm not sure anyone ever added them up."

"Can you?"

"Sure, as a rough guess."

"Do it."

"Well, for intercollegiates, about 30 soccer players, same for lacrosse and rugby. Maybe 40 in track, 10 or so in golf

continued

and rifle. Fifteen tennis players, and I keep 12 basketball players. There are maybe 25 on the baseball team. Then we're just getting started with girls' teams. Maybe 20 for field hockey, 15 each for basketball and tennis. What does that come, to?"

"Close to 250. What about intramurals?"

"There are about 25 football teams—say 300 players. There are two basketball leagues. The A league has maybe 10 teams, the B league about 40, so that's another 400. There are 40 or 50 girls in a league. Everybody seems to play softball. I think they have 50 or 60 teams. Probably between 600 and 700 players. Then there are intramural tennis tournaments and cross-country meets, ski clubs, riding clubs, weight lifters, a bunch playing pickup hockey. Probably there are more, that's all I can think of."

"Counting the doubles and triples. How many out of 1,200 or so students are on some team or get in some games during the year?"

"I'd guess about a thousand or more. I suppose almost everybody does before they leave here. If a kid is here he is probably going to get into something. It's like getting sunburned on the beach. It's hard to avoid."

A basketball cheerleader and all-round intramural jock is asked, "What happens to people at the Mount who can't stand games? I mean the 110-pound, blank-verse writer?"

"He transfers to Swarthmore. A guy who is down on sports wouldn't have much in common with anyone here. He would miss a lot—not just playing, but the people. Like right now. I feel good. Nice day, had some fun at the track horsing around with guys who like the same things, who are pretty good. Tonight I'll play some softball. I am going to graduate and then I have to do something, keep doing something the rest of my life. Later on I'll remember these days as the best days of my life. That is one of the things college is meant to do, give you good memories."

John Gill graduated five years ago but never really left the Mount. He works for the admissions office now and spends a lot of time on the road, traveling to high schools around the country to recruit new students.

"The Mount has always been big on sports," he says. "A kid comes here and gets caught up in that tradition. The type of student we get is, I suppose, games-prone. Most were average high school students. We give just as good an education, but no better, than a hundred or so liberal arts colleges in the East and South. In fact, except for a handful of schools at the very top, you can get the same kind of classroom education at almost any school. What hurts us is that we have a very small scholarship fund. A bright kid might get a better deal someplace else.

"So we get kids from moderately well-to-do families. Their folks think they should go to school to get into a profession or to get a better job. But the act of going to school, learning for learning's sake, is not always that exciting.

"We get good turnouts for parents' day, which is mostly a games day. We schedule a home soccer game, maybe cross-country, rugby, baseball. Everybody who is not playing is sitting on the grass yelling and drinking beer. It looks a little like a 1950s college musical, but it seems a good many of the parents like that kind of school. They've read about college kids starting revolutions and baking marijuana cookies. Then they see their kid out rolling around in the mud playing rugby and it makes them feel good about him and themselves.

"The kids maybe have a better opinion of sports, or a more uncritical one, than they do at some places. Most people around here think sport is the real trip, that playing games is manly and an adventure, a bit heroic. I sell this when I talk to high school students. I tell them they can get as much education as they probably want here, as good as almost anyplace else. That is true. I tell them what is special about this place is that it is low-pressure, a place to make friends and have some fun. I can't see there is anything wrong or deceitful about that—selling happiness."

And with happiness goes a certain sense of realism, according to one of the Mount's tennis players: "I'll tell you why there are so many sports freaks here. One, we are not very good students and this is a fairly easy school to get through without sweating. And two, this place is out in the sticks. There isn't a thing to do close by but drink beer in a couple of bad joints. So what is left? Sports are left. We are the right people in the right place to go ape over sports."

"He gets carried away," says another tennis player, a pre-law student. "What he means is that the Mount may not have very important people but they are good guys. You can sort of tell what they are going to be like in 20 years. They aren't going to be negotiating treaties or discovering a cure for cancer, but they are going to have pretty good jobs and houses and families. They are going to be golf players, maybe still play some doubles. They are going to care how the Birds and the Colts do. We will be the guys that keep things running."

The only book published during 1974 by a member of the Mount's faculty was *How to Organize and Run a Decathlon.* The author was Frank Zarnowski, who is the historian, press agent and trivia collector in matters pertaining to Mount sports. He graduated 11 years ago but returned to teach economics, be the cross-country coach and other things. Zarnowski organizes record length (76 continuous hours) softball games. He goes off to Brazil to run in the Rio marathon on New Year's Eve. If you want to know how many major league professional jocks the Mount has produced (three in baseball, three in the NBA, one in the NFL) you ask Zarnowski. Currently, he is trying to find out if Babe Ruth was first seen by a major league scout while pitching for a Baltimore orphanage in a game against the Mount in July 1913. Zarnowski may be the world's only free-lance decathlon announcer. Job opportunities are scarce in this field but if there is a meaningful decathlon any place in the world he will do his damnedest to get there and announce it with a lot of class.

"Your average Mountie," Zarnowski says, "is a person who likes to keep score. We are out in the boondocks, but you don't see many backpackers, spelunkers, people swinging on ropes around here. These are kids from the suburbs of Philly, Baltimore and D.C. They like straight games and they get their moments of truth with points.

"I put on an intramural cross-country meet. The four classes, the soccer team and the faculty entered teams. It was meant to be a hoot but there were three written protests about the scoring. The punchouts over rules are the best

continued

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part of a lot of the A league basketball and football games.

"They are always competitive, but they are what I guess you'd have to call pure amateurs. They do it because it feels good. They will work hard for a season, but then they want to move on to something else that feels good. We had a national-class runner who wandered in from the West. During his first season he really turned the guys on. They worked like hell to try to stay close to him, but after that they wanted to catch a little basketball or softball. It drove him wild. Out of season they just weren't interested in doing 20 miles a day. He transferred to one of the track factories. You might say that Mounties have more of a taste for adrenaline than they do for roadwork."

Jack Dillon is the president of the Mount, the first layman to hold the job. He says, "One of Art Rooney's kids, I forget which one, wasn't much of a jock but he was eager. He tried everything and finally got to the pole vault. Art built him a vaulting pit in Pittsburgh. He came close to breaking his back learning but he got so he could vault a bit. I think he still holds our indoor record. It isn't much, 12 feet something—nobody vaults much in the winter—but it meant something to him.

"The thing I like best about sports here is that largely they spring from the kids. There is nobody whose job depends on getting students to play more than they want to or better than they want to. We don't have an intramural director or phys-ed classes. We only have two full-time coaches—in basketball and track. The others are instructors who double at coaching pretty much for the same reasons the kids are playing, because they are excited about a game. A mathematician and a philosopher handle baseball. An economist coaches cross-country and a social scientist is the girls' basketball coach. You might call it a natural upwelling of playfulness. I'm one of those people who believe most of the clichés about games developing character."

"What kind of character?"

"They teach you about good and bad days, winning some and losing some, which is one of those things that are good to find out about as early as possible. They teach you about real authority, the kind that comes from power, talent, practice, guts—that if nothing else you are going to get knocked on your can if you're not as good as whoever you are trying to take on. Mainly they are humanizing. When you see and feel somebody else trying to do the same things you are trying to do, reacting to the very same things that you are thinking and feeling, you begin to get the idea that he is as much part of the race as you are. Learning that other people exist is a big thing for adolescents to learn. They can learn it from other experiences, but sport is a quick, easy and maybe one of the very best ways.

"We decided basketball was a good entertainment. We're up here at the back end of nowhere without much going on and the winters are long. So we put some money into it, give a few scholarships. It's like keeping up the grounds or painting the dorm rooms. It makes things more pleasant. Still it is peripheral so far as the real value of sport to college students is concerned. To get the kind of values out of sport we are talking about, you have to have students playing. Spectating doesn't teach much; it is simply a time passer. When putting on those familiar gaudy spectacles begins to take up most of the money and time of an intercollegiate athletic department, then that program has little educational justification. That is not the business of a college. It is inappropriate, inefficient and expensive, as a lot of people are beginning to realize.

"One problem in changing anything is that colleges employ so many athletic coaches, administrators and publicity men. At the big-time level their job is to hire good athletes, give them specialized voeational training and put on spectaculars that will draw a crowd. They make up an athletic bureaucracy. The NCAA is their union. They will fight tooth and nail against giving sports back to students. The idea that games are for the benefit of the people who play them, not the people who organize or coach or watch them, is not popular with that bureaucracy."

A baseball pitcher-outfielder is asked, "You guys put in just as much time, play just as hard as the basketball players, but they get scholarships. Does that make for resentment?"

"You mean should baseball have scholarships—take them away from basketball and give them to baseball? That's not the way I feel. If baseball had scholarships I probably wouldn't get to play. What I wish is that they could find some better basketball players to give scholarships to. We haven't had a super player since Fred Carter left and went to the NBA. We could use somebody like him this year or at least one really big thug in the middle."

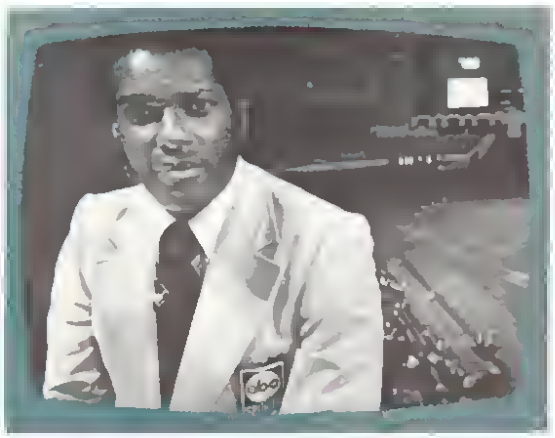
One of the basketball players, not a Mad Dog Carter or a big thug in the middle, but a slender shooter, takes a different view. "When I was getting out of high school I wanted to go to college, I wanted to play ball and I wanted a scholarship because it would help my folks and because you have a better chance of playing if you have a ride and are not just a walk-on. I was no superstar but I had some offers. One place has a pretty big name. They flew me in and an assistant coach met me. First he asked me if I wanted a date that night. I said not really, that I wanted to look at the place and talk to some of the players. The coach was with me all of the time. Every so often he would punch me in the stomach. At first I thought maybe it was just a habit, that he didn't know what he was doing. Finally I asked him why he was hitting me in the stomach. He said, 'I want to see how you react, son.'

"I told my folks about it. Neither one of them ever went to college and they said I would have to make the decision by myself, but they didn't think I would be happy if a man was hitting me in the stomach all the time. I decided to come here. I liked the looks of the place and I liked the reputation of the coach. I could have gone to a place with a bigger name, and ended up playing a lot less. I figured I could play in pretty good competition here, tough enough for me, and the rest of the time I could fit right in with everyone else, not be some kind of hired freak. That is how it has worked. It has been a good deal."

John Sullivan is the philosopher who helps coach the varsity baseball team. He says, "I have been other places, but I have *never* seen another *community* where so many of its members are individually involved with sport or where sport is so influential. Largely because of this, the Mount is an exceptionally joyful place where people support one another." END

by WILLIAM LEGGETT

ABC HAS THE MONDAY BLAHS



BOB GIBSON HAS BEEN FIRST-RATE ON THE SECOND TEAM

It may be unfair to say that *Monday Night Baseball*, as it has been presented by ABC so far this season, is the worst television treatment ever given a major sport, because by all odds somebody at sometime must have done something worse But it is difficult to remember when or where that might have happened. Sure, nine years ago CBS did a wretched job on soccer, and a lot of us will never forgive NBC for the *Heidi* caper, but those failures do not measure up to ABC's ineptness with baseball so far.

ABC has earned this dubious distinction after broadcasting only four games—two that were aired to most of the country and a pair of backup games. After watching all four, I get the impression that the network has been caught short with ill-prepared production crews and announcers. As a result, ABC seems to be trying to hoodwink its audience with commentary that sounds insightful, but is often dead wrong, and with fancy camera work that frequently is used at inappropriate times during the action. There is certainly time for ABC to correct its errors, because it will broadcast 28 more Monday games, the All-Star Game and the league playoffs. However, unless major changes are made swiftly, I will take my network baseball Saturday afternoons on NBC and be thankful that that network will be doing the World Series in October.

In its four-year history *Monday Night Baseball* has had more than its share of troubles. Two seasons ago, for example, NBC put a celebrity—often a nonbaseball person who knew almost nothing about the sport—in the broadcast booths every week. For a time it seemed that every guy who owned a one-chair barbershop in Beverly Hills was getting a chance to chat on prime time with Curt Gowdy and Tony Kubek. Fortunately, NBC stopped that nonsense. Last season its productions were first-rate.

A year ago ABC outbid NBC for the rights to *Monday Night Baseball* (plus the playoffs, All-Star Game and World Series in alternate years) for $12.5 million. It is a shame that ABC did not spend a commensurate amount of money—and expend the necessary effort—on its Monday telecasts So far its coverage is not as good as even the poorest local productions seen in major league cities.

Part of ABC's problem may be that during the years it did not televise baseball, its executives and announcers were outspoken about the game being dull and slow. Baseball is neither of these, but members of the network's sports staff apparently have persuaded themselves that it is. Now they appear to be trying to show us that they were right all along.

The camera work on *Monday Night Baseball* has been poor. Batted balls and base runners have been lost from view far too often and split screens have been employed with the wrong men on base. Unbelievably, the starting lineups have not been given at the beginning of the games. Unlike NBC, which had the award-winning *The Baseball World of Joe Garagiola* preceding its telecasts, ABC has no pregame show. When the games are over, the wrap-ups are too brief. And if you plan to keep up with other developments in baseball by watching the Monday night telecasts, forget it.

ABC selected two teams of three announcers each to do the Monday games. The main crew of Bob Prince, Bob Uecker and Warner Wolf is not nearly as good as the backup trio of Al Michaels, Bob Gibson and Norm Cash. It is a shame that more than 99% of the nation has had to listen to the main team instead of to Michaels, a thoroughly professional play-by-play man; former Tiger First Baseman Cash, who adds humor to the telecasts; and Gibson, the recently retired Cardinal pitcher who is a rarity among broadcasters in that he does not talk unless he has something worth saying.

Neither Prince, the voice of the Astros and one of baseball's best announcers when he uses his very partisan style on local broadcasts, nor Uecker, a renowned clubhouse wit during his six-year major league career, has lived up to expectations. But the big problem with the main team is Wolf. He makes too many inane remarks in attempting to be controversial or clever or to lead his audience into believing he knows a lot about baseball. He is only fooling himself.

In the opening telecast of the season Wolf told viewers that Bobby Bonds "was the only legitimate home-run hitter" the Yankees had last year. Wolf must have been asleep in 1975 when Graig Nettles hit 21 homers. Wolf seemed awed in his second telecast when Met Pitcher Tom Seaver advanced from second to third on a fly ball to left. Knowledgeable fans know that Seaver is excellent on the bases and will take every extra base that is not nailed down. Wolf also has said, "Roy White is certainly an underrated ballplayer." There is a much greater chance that White is overrated. He is paid $90,000 by the Yankees, although his glove goes clank in the night and his throwing arm is not much better than the *Venus de Milo's*.

The best Wolfism to date was: "The Cardinals haven't had a third baseman since Kenny Boyer." Wolf must have been out of the country in 1973, 1974 and 1975, when St. Louis had Ken Reitz at third. A .265 hitter during those seasons, Reitz was twice awarded Gold Gloves for his work in the field.

Unless ABC moves quickly to eliminate bloopers like these from its Monday telecasts—and that may require Wolf's removal from the broadcasting booth—the sounds of summer for the network are likely to be the click-clicks of sets being turned off. END

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A new brew in Milwaukee

To a familiar lineup of players both young and old, the Brewers have added a fresh ingredient—a manager with a recipe for success

It is a familiar situation in Milwaukee. In between the cold-outs and rain-outs the Brewers have managed to get in a few games—13 to be exact—and have won most of them. Their 9-4 record at the end of last week put them in a tight race with the Yankees for first place in the American League's Eastern Division.

It would be reasonable to expect that a fast start like this would cause the first stirrings of excitement in a city that has not enjoyed a pennant in almost 20 years, but Milwaukeeans are understandably wary. Last year the Brewers also started quickly, and as late as July 5 led their division by 1½ games. Then injuries and clubhouse bickering set in, and Milwaukee collapsed, finishing 28 games out of first and 26 below .500. The fact that the same players who put together that record are the mainstays again this season is not apt to provoke premature enthusiasm among Brewer loyalists.

AARON IS GRAMMAS' "FIFTH COACH"

Despite the depressing familiarity of all this, Milwaukee fans do have one good reason for thinking that this year's team will not cool off once the weather warms up. It is new Manager Alex Grammas, the former utility infielder who had been the Reds' third-base coach for the past six seasons. During his tenure in Cincinnati he gained a reputation as a man of exceptional managerial potential.

If Grammas has not awakened pennant fever among the citizenry, at least he has stimulated the thinking of his players. "I can see us stealing first place," says Rightfielder Bobby Darwin "The thing that is going to keep us up is the new attitude. It's a positive, winning attitude." Grammas set that tone in spring training when a game went awry. "Just like last year," groaned one of the Brewers. Grammas snapped back, "I don't want to hear about last year again. Last year is history."

That incident made a firm impression on the Brewers, a young team with a salubrious sprinkling of seasoned players like Henry Aaron, First Baseman George Scott and Third Baseman Don Money. Certainly Milwaukee did not look like the down-in-the-dumps 1975 club when it pulled out a game in Chicago last week. The Brewers had a 5-0 lead going into the eighth inning, when the White Sox rallied to tie. Unshaken, Milwaukee came back in the ninth for an 8-5 victory, with Shortstop Robin Yount singling in the winning run with two out.

Although he is only 20, Yount is in his third major league season So far this year he is hitting .356, .375 with men on base and .600 in what the Brewers call "clutch situations." Another young player, 24-year-old Reliever Eduardo Rodriguez, has six saves and one win. Bombed for four runs in two-thirds of an inning in Milwaukee's second game of the season, Rodriguez has had a 0.94 earned run average in his seven appearances since. In the comeback victory against the White Sox, he relieved with the score tied, runners on first and second and one out. He got the next two batters to pop up Rodriguez is so unfazed by tough situations that he needs only two English phrases to talk with Catcher Darrell Porter: "no worry" and "everything O.K." No wonder Eduardo is called Edweirdo by his teammates.

Under Grammas the Brewers have become an old-fashioned kind of club; the players and coaches often sit in hotel lobbies discussing baseball. "Most of my guys are thinkers," says Grammas. "And they do most of their thinking about baseball. That's great, because to win you consistently have to be on top of things. Things are always happening in games that must be talked about. Say a player gets lackadaisical, careless with a fly ball. If you're careless today and don't realize it, aren't told about it, you'll never be on top of the situation. It's little things that make a winning team. You make your own luck. This game is no mystery. Grinding it out every day—the everydayness of it—is what wears a guy out. The process is not physical, it's mental, and if your mind says you're weak, you'll be tired physically. Your mind is where you control everything. What you think is what you are."

To Grammas Aaron is not just a player but a fifth coach. "I can't express how much help he's been," Grammas says. "He came into my office one day and I said, 'Make me a promise. Since you know baseball and the Brewers the way you do, never hesitate to offer advice.' You want the advice of a man who's been through the wars. You're remiss if you don't get it. It doesn't bother me to ask people what they think. Some people see that as a sign of weakness. I don't."

In his final year as a player Aaron still bats cleanup even though his power has gone the way of the spring in his legs. "If your legs are weak, your swing is not as strong," says Aaron. "You can't generate as much power. The ball just doesn't go as far."

Aaron's batting has validated his

continued

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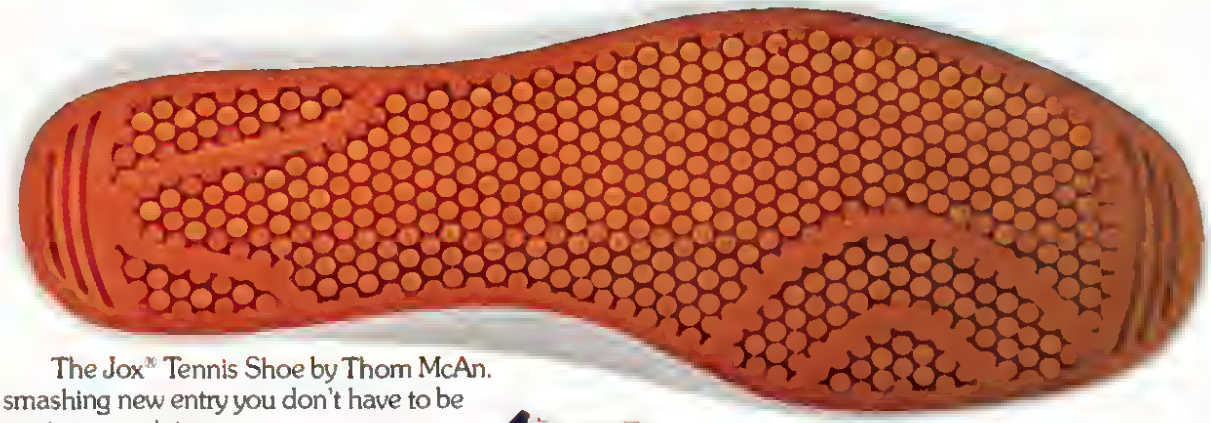

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thinking. Ten of his 11 hits have been singles, the other was a double. Still, he feels he is hitting better than he did last year, when he batted only .234. "I know the American League pitchers better now, and I don't have all the interviews I had last year," he says. "I'm trying to hit the ball up the middle more, and I've been trying to hit it more to right because the outfielders give me more room out there."

Aaron, whose goals for this season are a .280–.290 average and a dozen home runs, was finding plenty of room for his hits in Milwaukee's first nine games. He was batting a youthful .345 going into last week, then a one-for-15 slump dropped his average about 100 points. He looked all of his 42 years during a frustrating afternoon at Minnesota, when the Brewers had a chance to take over first place. In a game that was close until an eighth-inning Twins' rally gave them a 9–5 victory, Aaron went hitless in four at bats and left six runners stranded. Twice he popped up, his swing only a weak facsimile of his old home-run cut.

While Aaron closes out his career as a singles hitter, Grammas is depending on several younger Brewers to develop into the accomplished players Milwaukee will need if it is to maintain its lofty position. One of them is Leftfielder Charlie Moore, who is a converted catcher. "Charlie's a go-gettum type of guy," says Grammas. "He just doesn't want to be a leftfielder. He wants to be *the* leftfielder." The trouble is that despite Moore's hustling he is hitting only .205.

Considerably more successful has been the shift of Sixto Lezcano from right to center. A rapidly improving fielder, Lezcano is batting .286. Grammas is also allowing the 24-year-old Porter to call all the pitches for the first time in his four big-league seasons. "His job as the catcher is to get winning performances out of our pitchers," Grammas says. "He's doing a great job. The combined ERA of our starters has been 1.44."

For the young Brewers the testing time is likely to be July and August. Grammas knows that, and he sees some encouraging signs that they may be able to withstand the midsummer heat. "When you come to a club you've never seen before, a bad club the year before, you wonder how well they can play the game," he says. "Heck, they've been playing solid baseball. It's nice to win. It's even nicer to play solid ball." END

THE WEEK

(April 24–May 1)

by JIM KAPLAN

AL EAST Boston's week began with three days of rain, which was no way to prepare for playing Texas. The Red Sox got just six hits and lost 6–1 in the series opener against the Rangers, and Lefthander Bill Lee, winless his last 10 starts, was bombed. "We've had too many days off," said Manager Darrell Johnson, who promptly ordered extra batting practice. The next night Boston doubled its hit production, but again lost (6–5) when Ferguson Jenkins tired in the late innings. "Those 10 days off between starts were the most I've ever had in professional baseball," said Jenkins. "But if I told every one of my sad stories, I'd have the whole clubhouse crying." Which is probably what all the Sox felt like doing after a third straight defeat (7–1) in which they again had only six hits.

The division's Boys of Spring continued to be the Yankees (2-1), who are off to their best start in 23 years. New York's solid all-round play was epitomized in a 5–3 win over Kansas City. The Yanks had fine pitching (a complete game by Catfish Hunter), speed (five stolen bases), power (a homer by Thurman Munson and triples by Mickey Rivers and Fred Stanley) and errorless defense. Even upstart Milwaukee (3-1) could not quite catch the Eastern leaders.

It was a week in which baseball players threw more punches than Muhammad Ali and Jimmy Young combined. The fisticuffs began with a scrap between Cleveland and Oakland. Both benches emptied when A's Shortstop Bert Campaneris, who had been hit by a pitch, struck base runner Buddy Bell with a relay throw. First of the week's four fights, this one drew censure in the form of a weak reprimand from American League President Lee MacPhail. Cleveland was relatively undismayed by the fact that First Baseman Boog Powell sprained an ankle in the scuffle and may be out three weeks. "Other teams know the Indians are no longer pushovers or patsies," crowed player rep Tom Buskey. Indeed, the Indians won three of five, getting three home runs from George Hendrick and strong relief from Jim Kern and Jackie Brown.

Detroit (3-1) was another surprising winner. Dave Roberts beat Oakland 8–1 with his second two-hitter of the year, Willie Horton homered twice and Ron LeFlore paced a 10–1 win over Chicago with four stolen bases. But the most startling—and startled—Tiger was rookie First Baseman Jason Thompson, who went 8 for 17, hit a home run and had six RBIs. "It's hard to believe this is the major leagues," said Thompson.

He certainly wouldn't have believed Baltimore (2-2), a supposed contender playing pit-pat. With little hitting—Mark Belanger's .277 leads the club—and less power the Orioles managed a break-even week when Ken Holtzman, who has a 1.32 ERA, beat California 4–2.

NY 10-4 MIL 9-4 DET 8-8
CLEV 7-7 BOS 8-8 BALT 6-8

AL WEST Texas (3-1) stayed in first as two sore-armed pitchers showed new vigor. Nelson Briles, who was only 6-6 with Kansas City last season, beat Boston 6–1 and acted as if he were in a vitamin commercial. "I keep feeling stronger and stronger," he said. Bill Singer, 7-15 with California in '75, stopped Boston 7–1 and talked like a Texan. "This club can win a pennant," he said. "You look at the West Division. There's no overpowering team in it. It's just out there for anybody to win."

As usual, Oakland (2-2) laughed at mistakes and seethed in victory. Rusty Staub of Detroit hit a grand slam against them, but the A's were joking the next day that Staub's hit had broken the telephone line that carried the game back to the Oakland radio station. Actually the line had gone dead inexplicably for a few minutes after the homer. Newcomer Mike Torrez fit in well, pitching 5⅔ innings of no-hit ball against his ex-teammates in Baltimore, winning 11–1 on two hits and moaning, "Another couple of inches and they would have been sending my name to the Hall of Fame for pitching a no-hitter."

Though their gripes are less publicized than the A's, the division's most habitual grousers are the Twins (2-2), 10 of whom are unsigned. Dan Ford was the most miserable in Minnesota. He was wearing dark glasses to correct double vision caused when his eyes dilated during an examination suggested by Owner Calvin Griffith. Then Ford collided with Minnesota Second Baseman Bobby Randall and suffered a seven-stitch gash in his shin. The accident did not prevent him from contributing two key hits in a 9–5 win over the Brewers.

Kansas City lost three games to the weather and one to Catfish Hunter. Enough heartache? Not for Manager Whitey Herzog, who complained about umpires and was sternly cross-examined about strategy by a 14-year-old boy at a booster luncheon. Steve Busby finally set things straight, stopping the Yankees 4–1 for his first win.

California was in midseason form. That meant four losses in five games despite excellent pitching. Frank Tanana gave up a leadoff homer to Don Money, blanked the Brewers from there and lost 1–0. Nolan Ryan threw 6⅓ no-hit innings, but the Angels lost to Baltimore 3–2 in 10 innings. In all, California scored 12 runs and gave up 14.

continued

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"We're going out weakly, and I do mean weakly," said Manager Dick Williams. In desperation, he shifted all-star Third Baseman Dave Chalk to short.

No less harried, Chicago (1-3) Manager Paul Richards used 12 different lineups in 12 games. He finally found a winner when the White Sox exploded for 14 hits and beat Detroit 8–4.

TEX 10-2 OAK 2-8 KC 2-7
MINN 6-9 CHI 3-8 CAL 2-12

NL EAST

New York (6-0) moved into first place through an act of redemption. Having gone 0 for 4, left four men in scoring position and misplayed a fly ball, rookie Bruce Boisclair came to the plate with two outs in the ninth, men on first and second and the Mets one run down. He barely fouled off a one-and-two pitch, then swatted a two-run double to defeat the Braves. "Total ecstasy," he sighed. It also was a heavenly week for his teammates. Craig Swan threw his first major league shutout, Mickey Lolich got his 2,700th strikeout and first National League win, Tom Seaver and Jon Matlack had complete-game victories and Dave Kingman swatted two more homers to increase his season total to nine.

Philadelphia (4-2) was not quite as hot as the Mets but much more entertaining. Mike Schmidt hit two home runs in one game to tie the major league record for homers (11) in April and help the Phillies beat Cincinnati 10–9, but his eighth-inning strikeout was more crucial. As Schmidt whiffed, Catcher Johnny Bench missed the ball and Dave Cash scored the winning run. Bob Boone's three-run homer beat Cincinnati 7–6, and Schmidt started off May with yet another home run as the Phillies swept two from Atlanta.

No, Pittsburgh is not located in Australia, but the Pirates (3-3) did a pretty fair imitation of a walkabout as their sluggers accounted for only eight runs in four games. The guiltiest party was Richie Zisk, who failed to drive home a run in 47 trips to the plate. Pirate bats finally awoke for 23 hits in two wins over San Diego. Zisk had five of them.

Cardinal (4-3) hitters were equally inept, especially Reggie Smith, who hit .125. Just about the only good news at the plate was made by rookie Infielder Doug Clarey. Brought up from St. Louis' lowest farm club, he homered to beat the Giants in the 16th inning. No wonder that when Vic Harris was hit by a pitch thrown by the Giants' Charlie Williams, the frustrated Cards charged onto the field for a free-for-all.

The Cubs (3-4) began the week in a law-abiding mood. During a 5–4 loss to Los Angeles Centerfielder Rick Monday grabbed Old Glory from a couple of would-be flag burners who had run onto the field. Said teammate Jose Cardenal, "Now we got three patriots—Abraham Lincoln, George Washington and Monday." Later in the week Cardenal made his own bid for Mount Rushmore by restraining himself when Padre fans threw pop bottles and oranges at him. By week's end, however, he was furious enough to charge Giant Pitcher Jim Barr. Cardenal was ejected. Then Bill Madlock "accidentally" let his bat slip from his hands—in Barr's direction. When Barr retaliated by pitching him inside, Madlock threw a punch at Barr during a bench-clearing brawl. Exit Madlock. Madlock, explaining all the violence, said, "The short spring hurt the pitchers, and they're taking advantage, knocking the hitters down."

Montreal (1-5), on the other hand, was downright pacific, losing three straight to the Reds and being outscored 20–3.

NY 13-7 PHIL 10-8 PITT 8-8
CHI 8-11 ST.L 8-11 MONT 8-12

NL WEST

Which was the hottest team in baseball? Los Angeles (7-0). Why? Because Manny Mota was taking the batting order to the umpires. At least that is what the superstitious Dodgers think. Mota helped the team more by singling home the deciding run in a 4–3 win over St. Louis. Complete game wins from Burt Hooton, Don Sutton and Rick Rhoden and Tommy John's first victory since July 17, 1974 helped, too. Still, Cincinnati (4-2) remained in first, thanks to Don Gullett, who won his first game, and Johnny Bench, who had four homers and 11 RBIs.

The punchless Giants (1-5) fell from first to fifth. Their only knockout blow was delivered by Gary Matthews, who felled the Cubs' George Mitterwald. San Diego's week was so bad (2-5) that even Randy Jones (4-1) lost a game. Bawled out for poor play by Manager Bill Virdon, the Astros (2-3) held their breaths while Pitcher Ken Forsch, who has appeared in nine of the team's 11 victories, complained of soreness in his elbow.

Atlanta's Darrell Evans set a trivial record when he was walked in his 15th straight game, and the Braves (1-6) nearly tied an embarrassing one when they were shut out three straight times.

CIN 11-7 LA 11-8 HOUS 11-10
SD 8-11 SF 8-10 ATL 8-11

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

JEFF BURROUGHS: The Texas rightfielder returned to his 1974 Most Valuable Player form by going 7 for 14 and clouting two three-run homers as the Rangers swept three games from Boston. He hit safely in six consecutive at bats.

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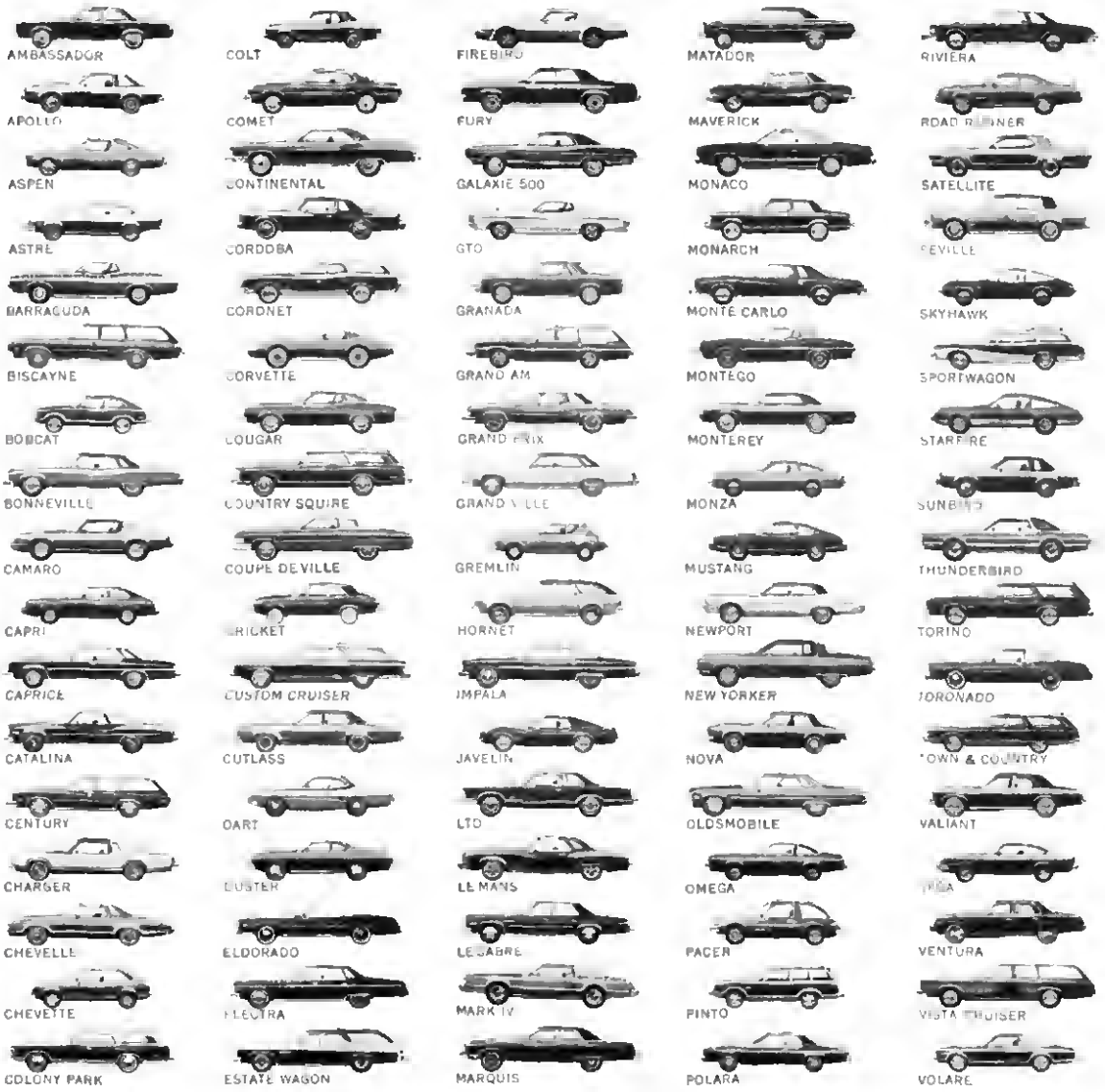

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They ain't what they used to be

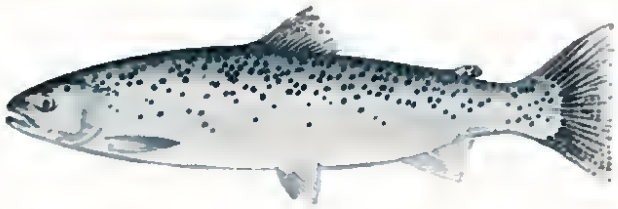
For many anglers, hatchery-raised steelhead have lost their mettle

No matter how well he cast, how strongly he waded, how thoroughly he knew a river, a steelhead fly-fisherman used to work hard to catch fish. An ordinary day might include six or eight hours of fighting heavy currents, changing flies (Skunk? Golden Demon? Thor?), retying leaders and false-casting enough line to reach halfway across the continent. Perhaps through all of this, with luck, just once, the fly would stop midway or so in its cross-stream drift, and before there was time to react, or even think, came the hard pull, the arm-wrenching strike, and for the next 10 minutes anything could happen. The steelhead would surely jump spectacularly, once at the strike and often half a dozen more times after that. There would be at least one powerful downstream run that left an angler feeling utterly helpless as he tried to follow on tired legs, stumbling over slippery boulders and treading water around log jams as the line went out and out, melting from the reel. The odds on landing a hooked steelhead were no better than even. That's the way it used to be. In my experience, though, in recent years it has become a good bit easier to bring the average fish to bank, and as strange as it may at first seem, this state of affairs has caused numbers of anglers to complain.

If some extraordinary breakthrough in equipment were responsible—like, say, a cobweb-thin yet wire-strong leader tippet—reactions might be different. But to my mind the truth is simply this: steelhead aren't what they used to be. This conclusion—disputed by many scientists and fishermen—is not comparable to those that we so often hear oldtimers spout in dark bars in reference to infielders or heavyweight champions of their day. It may be true that they don't make them like Ty Cobb or Jack Dempsey anymore. What's true about steelhead is that they never used to make them at all. Now let me explain.

Increased angling pressure and habitat destruction have decimated native steelhead populations. More leisure time, more and better roads, improved campgrounds, the increasing use of the spinning reel have combined to produce the pressure. Habitat destruction isn't quite so obvious, but probably has to carry most of the blame. Dams, industrial pollution and logging have led to erosion and siltation of spawning beds, blockage of small streams and, because of the removal of shade trees, higher water temperature, which the trout can barely tolerate but in which the so-called trash fish thrive.

These were the reasons—the very good reasons, theoretically—for the making of steelhead. The fish hatcheries that make them have become as common as museums and theaters in the West. When the Corps of Engineers builds a dam (as it is now doing on the Rogue River in Oregon), a hatchery is constructed to compensate for the loss of natural spawning beds. In fact, most steelhead rivers without dams are also resorting to hatcheries, some with spectacular numerical success. For example, Oregon's North Umpqua summer run went from an average of 2,000 to 3,000 fish in the mid '60s to more than 15,000 in the early '70s.



Such successes were at first met with cheers, but now, for many anglers, things seem to be changing. This brings us back to our hardworking fly-fisherman and his six- or eight-hour day. When he finally does connect, it is a bit depressing to find a steelhead at the end of the line that will neither jump nor run nor do much of anything else—a fish that is little more than five or 10 pounds of dead weight to be cranked in. A dozen such fish leave little to pleasantly remember on stormy winter nights when the rivers are running muddy and high.

These hatchery fish that don't fight are usually called "dogs," at least here in Oregon, and often there are some unprintable adjectives thrown in. It's an insult to dogs. "Slugs" would be better. And in case you wonder, hatchery fish are recognizable. Many claim that the fastest way to identify a hatchery fish is to hook one and drag it in, but as far as documentable evidence is concerned, some have clipped fins or are tagged. Even if there are no man-made markings, the dorsal fins are often deformed from the months the fish have spent packed, like sardines, in hatchery holding tanks.

It is the opinion of a number of anglers that these tanks are the key to the problem. A steelhead hatched in the gravel of its stream faces a vigorous fight for life. Less than an inch long when it first swims free, the fry must survive the predation of other fish, birds, mammals, even large insects. The mortality rate through the first months of a new generation is staggering. It is truly a case of survival of the fittest.

In the hatchery, however, the eggs are generally collected from the largest broodfish returning upriver to spawn. The hatchery fry are fed special pellets, disease is controlled with chemicals and the smallest fry are graded out. When they are about seven inches long they are ready to migrate to the sea, having bypassed the rigorous early fight for survival of their wild-bred siblings. Again, this makes perfect sense—theoretically. The river is merely a passageway to salt water, where the smolts will feed and grow to return as the five-, 10- and, sometimes, 20-pounders that we fish

continued

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Whatever the magic, when this year's spectacle gets underway, and the pack comes growling down the main straight to take the green light, the car that will be out in front pacing the action will be a Buick.

For the second straight year in a row, no less.

Some Buick, too: A highly-tuned Century with an extra-heavy-duty chassis, powered by a turbocharged version of Buick's little V-6 engine. That's right—a *V-6* pace car. And a *Buick* at that. Driven by good ol' Marty Robbins.

My, times do change, don't they?

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And no, the suspension isn't set up to turn left like an Indy racer.

But that good, basic Buick V-6 is there. So is the flamboyant silver, red and black paint job.

And above all, so are all the dozens of other fine Buick qualities that have made Century one of the most popular cars in America this year.

Pace car plumage notwithstanding, why not do as so many other free-spirited folk have done, and check out a Century at your Buick dealer.

Who knows?—maybe the next time someone says "gentlemen start your engines," you'll find yourself in a Buick.

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Interestingly enough, the same plastic that made these blood filter casings possible is opening new possibilities for safer toys.

Tonka Corporation, the toy truck manufacturer, is using K-Resin to make windshields for some of its products. (You've probably seen a Tonka toy truck on TV—it's the one that the elephant steps on.)

A stronger, safer plastic.

Tonka found that K-Resin plastic does not break as easily and is less likely to shatter on impact.

Not only that, it actually costs less than the plastic they had been using.

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The Performance Company

for. On their return, the largest females will again be taken by the hatcheries for their eggs.

While this continuous artificial manipulation of the steelhead population is producing many more fish, it also could be subtly developing a strain of nonfighters. In other words, it could be sacrificing quality for quantity.

If there is a workable solution to the problem, a sane compromise between man's way and nature's, it might well be a device called the Vibert Box, named after its French inventor. This is a device about the size of a cigarette pack, made of plastic and punched full of holes. It is designed to be filled with fertilized fish eggs and buried in the gravel bottom of a stream, just as naturally fertilized eggs are buried. The holes are too small for the eggs to slip through and just large enough to let the hatched fry escape. Since survival of the fit again becomes a controlling factor, this method simulates nature to a degree that hatcheries can never achieve. It is simple, therefore relatively inexpensive, and it seems to work. There are documented cases of its success, so far with nonmigratory trout.

The steelhead eggs hatched in the Vibert Boxes would not produce the astronomical numbers of fish provided by some hatcheries, because a given river will support only a given number of fry. But the boxes would help to sustain a healthy population of fish which haven't been coddled by hatchery raising.

The major stumbling blocks to widespread acceptance of the Vibert Box may be the very hatcheries turning out the fish that make the Vibert Box, or something like it, necessary. Tens of millions of dollars have gone into hatcheries whose facilities are designed to hold fish. State fish and game departments feel obliged to use these facilities and to defend their viability. For state officials to admit there is a remote possibility that all those holding tanks might be obsolete would not be easy. An unused space or structure of any kind is considered sinful in America. But the hatcheries are not doing the job—at least not satisfactorily—and expecting us to accept their product is like asking a Bavarian to enjoy near beer. The steelhead trout is the top freshwater game fish of western North America. We would like to keep it that way and, at least in theory and so far in limited practice, the Vibert Box could hold the solution to sluggish steelhead. END

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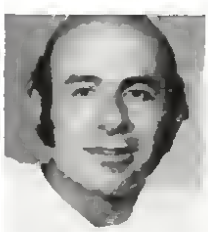
"How to kick Athlete's Foot."

by Garo Yepremian



"I've been in so many locker rooms, I probably hold the all-time record for athlete's foot. But that was before I started using Dr. Scholl's.

Now, if I see it starting up, I just apply Dr. Scholl's Solvex® Ointment or Athlete's Foot Spray. Solvex kills fungi on contact. Helps control the itching, peeling and other irritations of athlete's foot.

Of course, a good defense against athlete's foot is applications of Dr. Scholl's Solvex Athlete's Foot Powder. It absorbs the moisture where fungus grows and helps prevent reinfection.

I always keep Dr. Scholl's handy now. Let's face it, a place-kicker depends on his feet. And who knows more about feet than Dr. Scholl's?"

Dr. Scholl's

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WRESTLING / *Herman Weiskopf*

Working his way up from the bottom

Olympic hope Wade Schalles specializes in improbable pins

SHOWING THE FORM THAT WON IN THE U.S.S.R., SCHALLES GAINS THE UPPER HAND

Amateur wrestling's Plastic Man, Wade Schalles, stands at the center of the mat, awaiting the start of a match. His eyes are droopy, his face expressionless, his hair moppy, his shoulders slightly hunched, his gangly arms seemingly prepared for nothing more strenuous than a knee-scratching session.

Indeed, once the bout begins, Schalles appears ready for anything but combat. He is quickly taken down and is perilously close to being pinned. Or is he? How did his right arm suddenly get over there? How did he wriggle his legs free to entwine his opponent? Why does his left arm look like it is emerging from beneath the mat? Now on top, Schalles applies the cruncher. Pin! Plastic Man, the United States' best hope for a wrestling gold medal at the Montreal Olympics, has done it again.

Gyroscopic balance, a penchant for improbable pins and a pliable body have made Schalles the most exciting and one of the best wrestlers in the world. After watching Schalles in one bout at the AAU nationals last month, Tournament Director Gene Gibbons said, "I can't believe what I just saw."

What Gibbons had just seen was a match during which Schalles, trailing Mike Bradley 6-3 and on the *bottom*, reached up, pulled his opponent down to the mat and pinned him with a near leg cradle. That is the wrestling equivalent of a baseball player hitting a home run while standing on his head.

Dan Gable, a gold medalist at the 1972 Olympics, says of Schalles, "I've never seen anyone so unorthodox who is so good. You *never* know what Wade will do next."

Schalles (pronounced SHALL-iss) was 49-1 for Hollidaysburg (Pa.) High School, then amassed the winningest-pinningest record in collegiate history for Clarion (Pa.) State, a small school with a big wrestling reputation. He was 153-5-1 with 106 falls—33 wins and 21 pins more than Gable had at Iowa State. Gable was the master technician; Schalles is the con artist and innovator. Gable methodically wore down opponents, rarely making errors. Schalles is almost strictly a counterwrestler who wants opponents to grab him and try to take him down. Then he works his wonders. Typically, Schalles is behind in points before extricating himself for a pin.

"A guy uses his moves on me and gets 10 takedowns," says Schalles. "So his moves have worked 10 times, but all he has is 10 points. All I have to do is get one of my moves to work *once* and it's all over."

That is what happened when Schalles, who is 24 years old, competed in an international tournament at Tbilisi, U.S.S.R. three months ago. He trailed world champion and Munich bronze medalist Ruslan Ashuraliev of the Soviet Union 4-0. But Ashuraliev made one mistake, and Schalles flattened him. It was at this tournament, one of the most prestigious in the sport, that Schalles proved he is a contender for an Olympic title. "Three men in each of 10 weights made the round-robin finals," Schalles says. "There were 28 Russians, a Pole and me."

Not only did Plastic Man win the 163-pound class, but he also pinned five opponents, which is believed to be a record for the Tbilisi meet. Moreover, he earned what amounts to the outstanding wrestler award. The only other American so honored at Tbilisi was Gable—several months before he won at Munich.

Because of his frenetic style and the risks it involves, Schalles often is regarded with suspicion by wrestling purists. Still he may turn out to be as vital to the American Olympic effort in '76 as Gable was in '72, since he has proved he can adapt to international freestyle rules. He was the lone American to advance beyond the preliminary rounds at Tbilisi, and his performance has become a source of considerable encouragement to other U.S. wrestlers.

This weekend Schalles should take a step toward Montreal when he competes in the first round of Olympic Trials in Cleveland. If he finishes in the top eight in his weight class, he will advance to the first of two month-long Olympic training camps. And there is a big incentive

continued

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SPERRY TOP-SIDER

for finishing first in Cleveland, because the victor merely waits in the wings while six of the seven other qualifiers are eliminated in wrestle-offs. The survivor of the wrestle-offs then will face the Cleveland winner, who will need to take only one of seven bouts against his challenger to lock up a spot on the Olympic squad.

For Schalles, preparing for Montreal has been a strain physically, emotionally and—as many other American athletes have found out—financially. It did not take him long to realize he could work at his job as an assistant manager in a warehouse and pay his bills, *or* he could continue his training with three-a-day drills. Herb Werner, sports editor of the *Mirror* in Altoona, a city a few miles up the road from Hollidaysburg, wrote a column about Schalles' plight and asked fans to help him. They came up with $535. A Wade Schalles Pizza Night in Hollidaysburg netted another $50.

"I appreciate all this, but I hate soliciting money," Schalles said during a brief visit home last month. At the *Mirror* offices that afternoon he received a $100 check from the Hollidaysburg Lions Club. "Wade deserves help," said Project Chairman Gil Ginnick of the Lions. "He's a credit to our community."

As Schalles drove away from the newspaper office, he said, "The reason our wrestlers did so well in Munich—three golds, two silvers, one bronze—was Gable. The guys saw how hard he trained. That made them work harder than ever. But I don't think Gable will be eligible to compete this time, because he's been working as a coach, and I doubt that our team will do as well. Our best wrestlers have to quit the sport too young because they have to make a living."

Schalles parked his car and entered the Super Shoes Store in Altoona to thank store manager Robert Gilpin Sr. for a $500 check from the Plank Road-Pleasant Valley Trade Association.

"We have to be careful about the money that is given to Wade," Gilpin said. "It can be used only for expenses for the Olympics. We're proud of him. It's not every day a local boy has a chance to go to the Olympics."

During his visit home, townspeople repeatedly referred to Schalles' going to the Olympics as if he has been guaranteed a spot on the team. But to make the U.S. squad, he still must outwrestle 163-pound standouts such as Carl Adams, a two-time NCAA champion from Iowa

continued

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State, and Stan Dziedzic, an NCAA titlist from Slippery Rock (Pa.) State, where he had a 118-2 record. Schalles has never beaten Adams. The scores of their matches have been 7–6, 5–5, 2–2 and 10–8, and Schalles has split 14 bouts with Dziedzic (pronounced DEZ-ick). "It scares me to think I might let all these people down," Schalles said as he left the shoe store. "But I *know* I'll make it."

Confidence—lots of it—has long been Schalles' trademark. As a high school senior, his technique was so oddball that his coach, Charles Jackson, summed up the opinion of many experts when he said, "Wade just doesn't impress you as a wrestler." Plastic Boy—he was not yet grown to manhood—had a 21-0 record with 20 pins that season. Still, only a few believed that Schalles had championship potential.

The wrestler himself and Gary McCarthy were two of them. Schalles met McCarthy the summer before his senior year in high school. "I saw this little guy about 5′ 2″ at the YMCA, and I wanted to wrestle him," Schalles says. "But he didn't want to. I kept after him. Finally, he said O.K. I figured I'd whip him easy—I outweighed him by 20 pounds—but he tore me apart, bloodied my nose. Then I found out he had made the '68 Olympic team but hadn't been able to compete because of an injury. 'I hate braggarts,' he told me."

Plastic Boy had been turned into Silly Putty, but his humbling was followed by honing as McCarthy worked with him daily. That season local headlines identified Schalles as "Wondrous Wade."

Schalles pulled up outside Herb's Tavern in Lakemont, where he had promised to meet John Bismark, one of his most ardent fans. Bismark, a cannonball of a man with a mustache and muttonchops and wearing a hard hat, sat with his knobby-soled boots on the rung of a barstool. He told Schalles, "Got a $5 check for you from a guy in Geeseytown. And we're gonna show some movies of your wrestling and have a raffle." Schalles thanked him, chatted for a while, then got up to leave. As he did, Bismark called out, "You *gotta* make the Olympic team. If you don't, you have to come back here and face us."

Amid laughs from Herb's clients, a smile struggled to come to Schalles' lips but did not make it. These, too, were people he did not want to let down. Returning to the car, Schalles said, "I'm feeling the pressure. I'm glad I'll be back at Iowa on Monday." He was referring to the University of Iowa, where he would rejoin the Hawkeye Wrestling Club to train for the Cleveland tournament.

Wrestlers have long yearned for a place where they could train year-round for the Olympics and not have to worry about finances. The Hawkeye Club was founded by Gary Kurdelmeier when he became coach at Iowa four years ago and is primarily funded by Roy J. Carver, a multimillionaire from Muscatine, Iowa. Members of the club train at the university, and most of their expenses—rooms, meals, transportation—are paid for when they take part in competitions. Schalles had already spent time with the club after his own training group, the Clarion Mean Machine, lost its angel early this year.

Schalles stopped to visit Fred Barefoot, his coach when he was a high school sophomore and junior. The two immediately began talking about Schalles' finances. "I don't think we'll have any trouble raising the money Wade needs," said Barefoot. "It's being kept in a trust fund, and whatever's left over after taking care of Wade will go to the Olympic fund. It's a privilege to be associated with someone who gets to the Olympics."

Schalles drove to the other end of town and three-quarters of the way up a mountainside. He walked the remaining distance to a local landmark called the Chimney Rocks—tall, white, sentinel-like stones that can be seen for miles. Schalles silently scanned the valley for a while, then said, "I find now that it's important to be liked. I made enemies with my arrogance. Now it's time to let people know I can be nice.

"There's this boy, Ray Murphy. He was a senior in college and I was a senior in high school when we wrestled. I had him up in the air and was bringing him down. He tried a Granby roll. He got a broken neck. Now he lives in a bed with a respirator underneath. He weighs about 85 pounds. The hardest thing in my life was when I saw him the first time after it happened. His parents told me, 'We want you to know that Ray said if he had to get hurt, he was glad it was in a sport he loved so much.' No hate. No malice. Through his misfortune I've drawn strength. When things go bad for me, I always think, 'Remember Ray.' Even if I don't make the Olympic team, I've got a lot to be thankful for." **END**

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No two martinis are alike. And ultimately you'll decide what's best for you. That's as it should be.

But as you try each one, see if you can detect the critical difference that gives each martini its own special character.

Often as not it comes in the first sip. For instance, the first sip of a gin martini leaves you feeling like you've swallowed a bouquet of flowers. That's the herbs and the juniper-berry oil speaking.

A vodka martini has a very distinguishable hard edge. That's because it's not aged.

Not so much as a day.

We've got age on our side.

The white rum martini is different. The first sip is surprisingly smooth. And if it's possible, each succeeding sip seems to get smoother and smoother. That's because white rum — white rum from Puerto Rico, to be exact — is aged until it's smoother than gin or vodka.

White rum scores clear win over gin and vodka.

Some 550 drinkers in 20 major cities across the country were asked to compare gin, vodka and white rum. And they compared them straight, so no other tastes could muddle their judgment.

Only 24.2% preferred gin. Vodka did better with 34.4%. But white rum came out on top with 41.4%. When asked why they preferred white rum most of the respondents spoke of "taste" and "smoothness."

You probably have the makings on hand.

Chances are you already have everything you need to make a white rum martini. Take a look.

Vodka martini

Take an even closer look at your bottle of white rum. Notice the bottom of the label. The odds are five to one that it says "Puerto Rican Rum." That's because 83% of the rum sold in this country comes from Puerto Rico.

Enough statistics. Now it's time to enjoy a white rum martini. Make it the way you make an ordinary martini. Serve up or on the rocks and you're ready to go.

White rum martini

Smoothness is critical.

Every sip of your white rum martini whispers smoothness. It's what distinguishes it so beautifully from other martinis. But don't stop with one. Have a white rum martini every night for a week.

Then see how rough it is when you try going back to martinis made with gin or vodka.

Of course, if you never take the first sip, you can't begin to know. And that would be a pity.

PUERTO RICAN RUMS

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'TENNIS IS IN THE

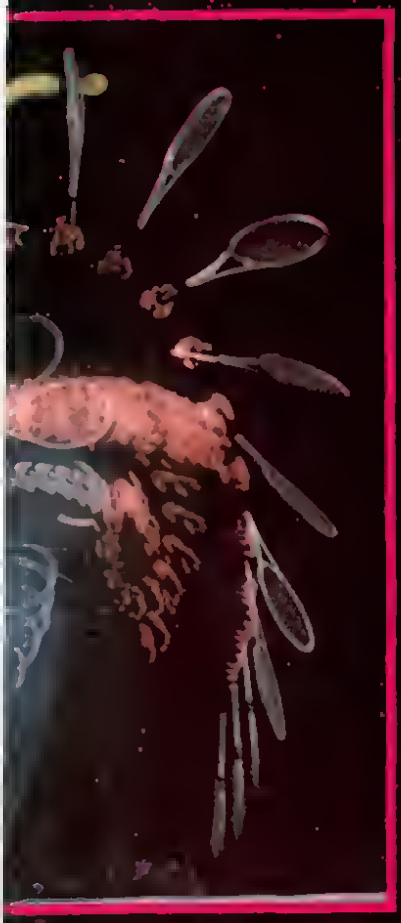
So says Vic Braden, teacher, psychologist, stand-up comic, who is convinced most players fail to live up to their potential because they don't consider the physical laws governing the game. Here, multiple exposures by John G. Zimmerman freeze the image of Braden in action and prove some of his points

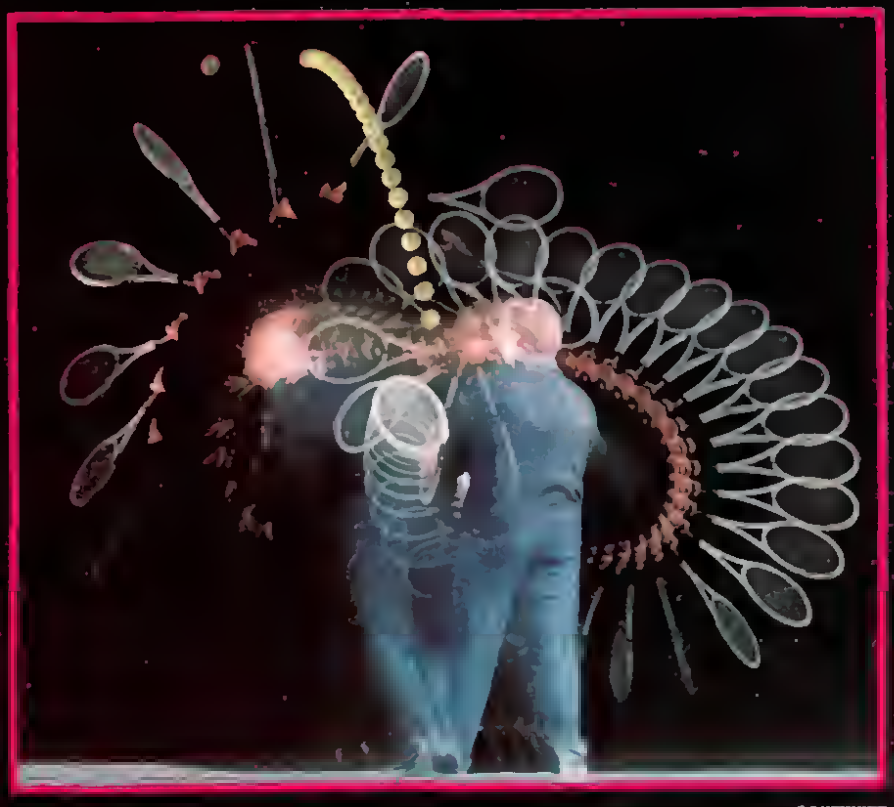
CONTINUED

STONE AGE'

Ideally hit, backhand and forehand are mirror images except for the slight hook at the end of the forehand because the racket must cross the body. Observing the head, one can see how the body dips in the middle of a stroke, then ends high.

A front view of service (far left) shows there is no pause in the stroke. Note the wrist turning inside out (center), putting stress on the elbow. When seen from behind, the toss arcs forward and the torso rotates.





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'PROBLEM SOLVING CAN BE BEAUTIFUL'

When he stands up, Vic Braden sounds like a combination of Norman Vincent Peale and Rodney Dangerfield, but attentive students listen—and learn

by FRANK DEFORD

Every year some organization selects the Teacher of the Year in America, and the winner troops to the White House to pose with the President. It always makes an AP wirephoto. If the winner is a woman, she is pinned with an orchid corsage. If the winner is a man, his wife gets the orchid.

On the other hand, the Coach of the Year is the man with the free car from Midtown Olds who went 9-1 and knows how to recruit blue-chippers. When we think of coaches, we think of martinets or of chisel-jawed men with clipboards or of tanned blond pros in pastels, who will, for $20 or so, agree to be separated from the knowledge that you must keep your head down and follow through. Coaches are not necessarily more athletic than teachers. In fact, coaches are just teachers with enormous egos and funny clothes.

It does not matter what sport. In the case of Vic Braden, it is tennis, but it could just as well have been basketball, which is still his favorite game, or it could have been any other, for coaching is a vocation if you want to teach and are not just after a bid to the Peach Bowl. Braden thrives, as real teachers do, not on blue-chippers, but on wet puppy dogs. When a well-coordinated student smacks a classic shot, he nods acknowledgment, due respect. Dealer hits on 16, sticks on 17. When a dish rag of an athlete manages for the first time somehow to get the racket on the ball sufficiently to direct it—a dying quail—over the net, Braden glows. There is real joy to the man. He laughs and cheers and exhibits the warm sense of accomplishment that men with attaché cases never find searching clients' eyes over the tops of menus at expense-account lunches.

Many people endorse Braden as the best tennis coach in the country. When he gave private lessons, he was booked up to 2½ years in advance. The Association of Tennis Professionals held its first annual honors banquet last fall, and the Children's Tennis Award, for contribution to youth, went to Braden. His Saturday mornings were—and still are—set aside for teaching kids free. For a time, at his own expense, Braden worked with blind children, teaching them to hit tennis balls by calling out code numbers as a clue to where the ball was headed. It was a fanciful exercise. A blind person could never play tennis seriously as, say, he might bowl. "Yes," says Braden, "but can you imagine the thrill, the sense of achievement, a blind child would get from hitting a moving target?" It was very selfish of him, really. He would get goose bumps every time a sightless kid succeeded. It really conveys the wrong impression to say that Braden is the best tennis coach. But it would be fitting one year to pin a corsage on Mrs. Braden and have her husband meet the President.

One can best understand Vic Braden by recognizing where he stands. He is one step ahead of his expectations, but one step behind his goals—a happy dreamer, of which there are too few left in America. A chubby imp, ingenuous and utterly devoted, his altruism would bore many people and put them off—for 20 years now disbelievers have regularly exclaimed, "You must be phony"—were it not that he is so humorous. Braden is very nearly a stand-up comedian, suggesting some kind of bizarre combination of Norman Vincent Peale and Rodney Dangerfield.

He is utterly determined to revolutionize the game of tennis. And, given the resources—he has been broke all his life—he thinks this could be easily accomplished. He says tennis is in the Stone Age. "If we had the proper biomechanical teaching devices right now," he says, "and I don't mean anything extraordinary—all they would really require would be some study and some money—then you could give me eight good athletes, age 13, I don't mean great athletes, just the equivalent to what's around now in tennis, and five years from now, when those kids are 18, I will have all eight in the quarterfinals at Wimbledon."

continued

United States Steel asks a prominent American to speak out.

"What makes America work?-taxes...

by Walter B. Wriston,
Chairman, Citicorp.

Any law which is not comprehensible to the people is an abridgement of personal freedom. Our Federal tax structure with its ambiguities and its dense legal prose meets that qualification.

It is literally true that no one in the world knows for sure what the tax law means. Our tax code is so complex that no one—not even a Congressman or an agent of the IRS itself—can read the taxpayer his rights.

Each new amendment causes new distortions in our society which beggar the imagination. Companies that have lost money are sometimes more valuable than those that prosper. People with equal income often pay unequal taxes. Often the heaviest burden falls on the blue-collar worker who has struggled hard to make ends meet—only to see inflation push him up to a higher tax bracket.

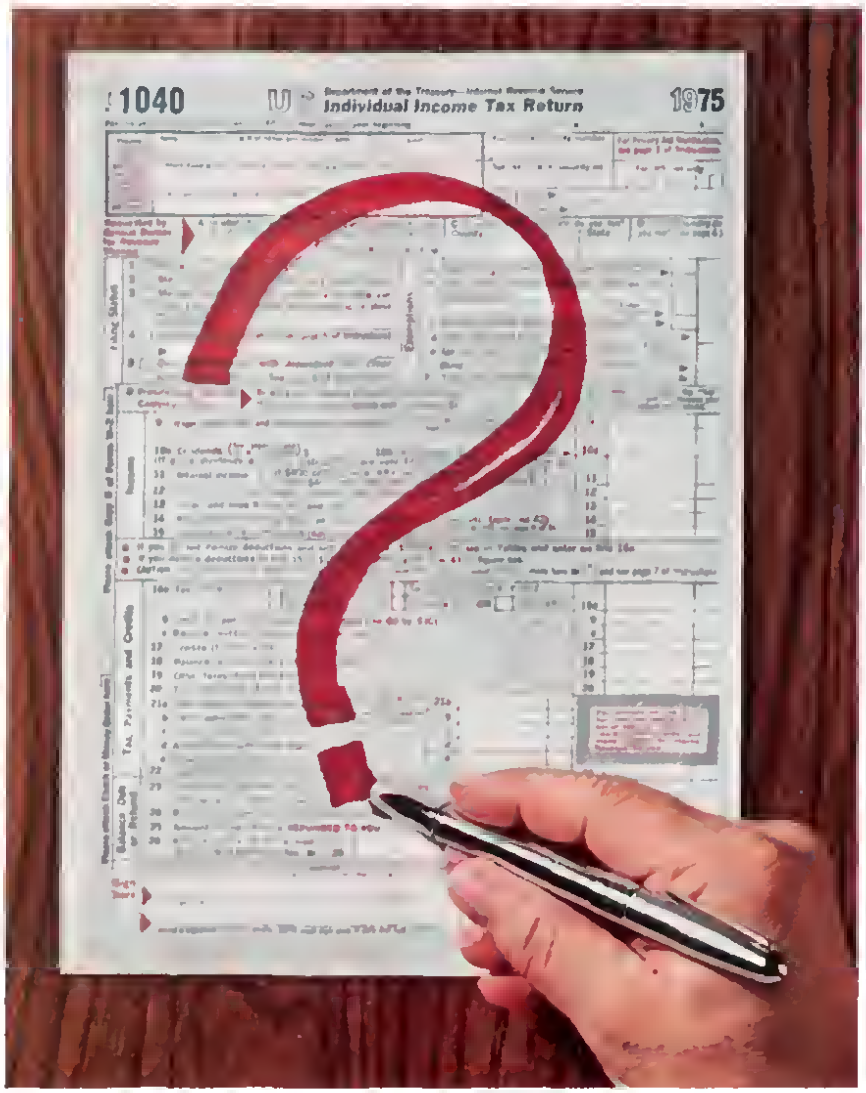
The original purpose of taxation was "to pay the debts and provide for the common defense and general welfare." No mention is made in the Constitution of using the taxing authority to enable one part of society to tell another what to do through complex subsidies, exemptions, loopholes, deductions, tax carry-backs, and other exotic devices. The founding fathers saw taxes as a means to pay the costs of government; not as a means to reshape our society by rewarding one special interest and penalizing another.

Federal, state and local taxes gobble up more than a third of all the money Americans earn. Today's system of exemptions and deductions which was created to achieve yesterday's social priorities, has failed to meet its desired goal. On the way to failure, it has overstimulated consumption, stifled savings.

The time has come to dismantle our jerrybuilt tax structure and to return to the people the power to decide how their own money is spent. We should start by restoring taxation to its original Constitutional purpose of raising revenue and providing for the general welfare. This could be done by replacing the present complex of laws with a simple graduated rate with no deduction except for taxes paid to other political jurisdictions to avoid paying taxes on taxes.

A top rate of 20 to 30 per cent for individuals and corporations alike would produce as much or more revenue as the government now collects. The exact rate is not as important as the fact that it would make the law clear, certain and fair.

but our Federal code needs a complete change."



Free choice—not tax dodges and loopholes—is what inspires people to work, to save, and to invest. Let us return these decisions to the people by eliminating our present maze of tax laws in favor of a plain, no-fault tax that everyone can understand.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

U.S. Steel's Viewpoint

We agree that there is a pressing need to inspire people to "work, to save, and to invest." These steps will help:

1. Reduce government spending. Since 1929 it has risen three times as fast as personal expenditures, over three times faster than industry's capital spending.

2. Strengthen the private economy. Controls, regulations and related costs dampen profitability which cuts investment in the job-creating tools of production.

3. Make stock ownership more attractive. Dividends are now taxed twice. Eliminating this inequity would increase stock ownership, expanding corporate borrowing power.

4. Permit faster depreciation. A write-off of five years for productive facilities would stimulate investment in them. Businesses should be permitted to write off pollution abatement equipment in one year as a current expense.

These actions would create more jobs and more goods and services, alleviate shortage-induced inflation, and make American industry more competitive internationally.

United States Steel, 600 Grant Street, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15230.

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For even more support, the collar is fully padded in comfortable foam—a feature that you won't find in any other canvas basketball shoe.

So if you're looking for support, why settle for #2? When there's the Royal #1.

UNIROYAL

PRO-Keds®

Wait a minute now. Just your eight? Five years from now, guys like Connors and Borg will still be kids; Vilas and Amritraj, Tanner, guys like that would be at the height of their powers. Not one of those would get into the quarterfinals against your eight teen-agers? "No contest," Braden replies, and he is not being a braggart, merely visionary.

The instrument with which Braden is going to overhaul tennis is something known as The National Foundation For Tennis Research. Its mailing address is: The Vic Braden Tennis College, Coto de Caza, in Trabuco Canyon, Calif., which is a gorgeous $400,000 campus. The National Foundation For Tennis Research is, on the other hand, pretty much a figment of the imagination. It has always been Braden's No. 1 dream, but it exists mostly on paper, and that only because a businessman once got his lawyer to draw up the incorporation papers as a favor for Braden. They had been involved in a tennis deal that fell through. "You're not a tennis pro, you're a missionary," the businessman said in exasperation. "What do you really want?"

"I want The National Foundation For Tennis Research," Braden said.

"What the hell kind of a deal is that?" the man asked.

Braden started to tell him, beginning with the part about it being nonprofit.

"Never mind," the businessman said, "I'll have my lawyer draw up the papers." Weeks later the lawyer called up Braden and said he needed to know who the organization's officers were if he was going to file the papers. Well, of course, there weren't any officers, no one else in the world being conversant with The National Foundation For Tennis Research, or the NFFTR as it would be called, if anybody knew what it was. So, Braden named himself president and his three brothers the other officers. Somewhere in Sacramento, the NFFTR is on file with the four Braden brothers listed as officers. Braden worries that one day the IRS is going to run across it and figure it for some phony tax dodge.

This would be a mistake. The trouble with The National Foundation For Tennis Research is that Braden can never find anybody but himself to put money into it, and, as has been revealed earlier, he never has any money. "I've always had to save up to get weighed," he says. This does not stop him from searching dog-

gedly for angels, the way most of us hunt for parking spaces. He is undaunted and operates pretty much on the theory that even a blind pig finds an acorn now and then. If you fancy yourself an acorn, drop Vic a note and he'll get right back to you.

But this is not fair to the NFFTR, for Braden genuinely believes that it can play a crucial role in the development and improvement of virtually every aspect of the sport. For one, he believes that the highest level of play can be advanced up to 1,000%—that is, that Arthur Ashe and Chris Evert are barely one-tenth as proficient as champions of the near future could be. "I think someday soon that almost anybody will be able to learn perfect strokes in 30 days," he says casually.

Supplementary to the matter of execution on the court are his interests in the medical and psychological aspects of tennis and in the position that the game has in our culture. At his college, he has held seminars for doctors and municipal planners. These diverse interests—medicine and sociology—come naturally from Braden's diverse experience. He is a graduate psychologist on the one hand, but on the other he is the product of an indigent Depression family who came to tennis only through the wildest of happenstance; the social implications of the game interest him as much as its sudden mass appeal. "We are interesting people in a game which there will be no place to play—not enough courts," he says. "It scares me to death that they're trying to outprice the game, going back just to the rich, the way it was before the boom."

Braden is attracted to tennis research because he will not accept no or yes for an answer unless it can be proved. "We know nothing about tennis," he says. "Nothing. For example: everybody says the overhead is the hardest stroke to hit. We accept that. I'd like to know. It is amazing how little we know about this game of tennis."

Or, actually, what he said was: "It is a . . . MA . . . zinnng how little we know about this game of ten . . . NIS." As Braden does not think like most people, neither does he talk like them. When he warms to a subject, which he usually does, and especially when he goes into his classroom style, his delivery is every bit as distinctive as that of any Borscht-circuit star with the first name of Joey. Final consonants go on sometimes at length, and many words of two syllables or more are divided into separate entities, one of which is arbitrarily emphasized. It's a little bit what it must have been like in an adult education class in New York 75 years ago. It's a . . . MA . . . zinnng. Also CAT . . . chinnng, and not only the otherrr coaches but pretty soon also the din . . . KERS at The Vic Braden Tennis College are all talking this strange dialect to . . . GETH . . . therrr.

Even without a viable NFFTR, The Vic Braden Tennis College is a pretty a . . . MA . . . zinnng place. Tucked away in the hills, inland from Laguna Beach, about midway between Los Angeles and

continued

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Chafing? Rash?

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San Diego, it is generally considered to be the best teaching facility in creation. There is the usual array of ball machines and TV cameras for video replay, but the Braden touch is evident in special teaching courts, individual instruction lanes (simulated courts, really) and sophisticated classroom equipment. Each day begins with a Braden lec . . . TURE, which is pretty much worth the admission price of $200 for five days of instruction (excluding room and board) all by itself. Fifty-four students can be enrolled at a time, and the college is often filled for months at a stretch.

The boom in tennis camps continues. *World Tennis* magazine lists 74 full-scale adult operations in its 1976 guide, and there are countless children's camps specializing in tennis. Some, like John Gardiner's ranches, which were among the forerunners in the field, are plush resorts; others are spare school dormitories turned into National Guard-style bivouacs; some feature personalities—at the Laver-Emerson camps much is made of *the fact that not only will Rocket or* Emmo be there to teach, but also to hoist a few beers with you. However, while tennis camps are not all work and no play, they all have an air of purpose—even aggression—to them. When golfers go away for a week, they resemble conventioneers off on a toot. Tennis players are more like pilgrims on retreat. At the social level, the primary difference between golfers and tennis players has always been that golf is a betting game, whereas tennis is so competitively intense that the winning score is sufficient unto itself. This is why there are many tennis camps, but very few golf camps. "The ten . . . NIS places that folded," Braden says, "are the ones that put a lot of mon . . . EY into extra bars and a dance floor."

At his college, the pupils are pretty much left to their own devices once instruction is over for the day. Braden, for all his flap-jaw and pizzazz, is a very private little fellow, and he doesn't believe in herding his charges about, arranging forced get-togethers and making everybody get along with everybody else. Nobody at The Vic Braden Tennis College wears a name tag.

Braden sets the tone for the camp every morning with his classroom discourse, which is replete with imitations of various types of players and irreverent observations on the game. Sample: "At

continued

"How I lost 980 mg. of 'tar' the first week... without losing out on taste."

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"Switching to a low 'tar' cigarette is no piece of cake if you're a menthol smoker like me. There just are not many low 'tar' menthols to choose from that taste good.

"So I was surprised when I tasted Doral Menthol. A terrific taste, and 7 milligrams less 'tar' than my old brand. That adds up to 140 mg. less 'tar' a pack—for me 980 mg. less 'tar' a week...on my Doral Diet."

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one time I studdd . . . IED alll the top pla . . . YERS. Their IQs ranged from 88 to 140. Sorrr . . . EE, I know you'd like to think you're too smarttt for the game. Ten . . . NIS is largely a matter of muscle memory, of hitting a targett under stressss. Ten . . . NIS is a hu . . . MIL . . . i . . . a . . . tinng game. Nearly everything in ten . . . NIS that's natural is wrong, so we're see . . . KING for u . . . NIQUE fee . . . LINGS that are not comfortable. You'd be a . . . MAZED, for example, how many pee . . . PULL are really telling a pro: 'Here's 20 bucks, but don't horse around with my strokesss.'"

And moving right along, but without the inflections . . . "You see, everybody in tennis just wants to beat one other person, somebody who beats you 6–3, 6–3 every Saturday. Well, when you leave here, if you do what we say, you will go back home and get beat 6–1, 6–1 because you will be very uncomfortable. Most of you will then go back to what you were doing before so that you will only get beat 6–3, 6–3 every week for the rest of your lives.

"We're just interested in stroke production. People will ask: metal or wood? Who cares? They both go far beyond your ability to play the game. The real trouble is the toad at the end of the grip.

"My definition of tennis, borrowed from Jack Kramer, is that it is a game where you give other people a chance to lose to you. We all hate the dinker, but he understands this best, and at every level of tennis right up to Harold Solomon near the top, the dinker will win. Like it or not, this is because he: 1) utilizes a higher intellectual principle than you, 2) has a higher frustration-tolerance threshold, and 3) has a longer concentration span.

"Unless you want to be a dinker yourself, you must come to the net, and sometimes you will get a fuzz sandwich up there. When do I come to the net, you ask? You want to come in on the next short ball. Which ball will be short? The next one. How do I know? Because the reason you're playing this guy is because he hits short balls. If he didn't he could play somebody good." And so on.

Interspersed among these routines is a great deal of original technical material about the sport. For example, Braden has stop-action films showing that a tennis ball, which most people assume pops off the racket strings, actually stays on the strings for up to six inches and possibly more of the swing. "Compared to most sports, tennis has percentages on nothing," he says. "We don't know what we're doing out there. Top spin has been the greatest new emphasis in tennis, but the players themselves don't know how to hit top spin. Talk to them, they'll tell you they hit over the ball. All the TV experts say the same thing. But we're just dealing with physical laws, and if you hit over the ball you are not only going to hit the ball into the net or onto your foot, but you are also going to get tennis elbow."

The Public Broadcasting Service network has given Braden a showcase on some of its tennis telecasts (especially since so far he has paid to make his own films), but the commercial networks "think I'm a joke," Braden says, and one tennis professional actually wrote to the California state attorney's office demanding that Braden be prosecuted for perpetrating a fraud upon the public.

"It's all just a matter of deductive reasoning," he says. "We haven't yet begun to study the physical properties of tennis, the laws. Once we do, once I get the money for the Tennis Research Foundation, then it is a simple matter of making the right biomechanical devices and teaching perfect strokes. You're going to see immaculate serves—serves that go in every time. You're going to see perfect strokes. I can see a day fairly soon when the guy at the net can hope to return a passing shot only by guessing. I mean that the player hitting the ground stroke can hit it perfectly every time, exactly where he wants to, so the player at the net must move somewhere, must guess, or he has no chance at all.

"The maximum cross-court passing shot is 65′ 9″. Hit it 65′ 10″: out. You play a guy hits it 61, 61 regularly, that is a lethal player, but soon we will have lots of players who can hit it close to 65′ 9″ every time. It's a little scary how undeveloped we are now at this game. In just a few years, maybe as little as three or four, coaching is going to bear no resemblance to what it is now."

Braden may sound like some crazed science-fiction doctor ready to turn out a mutant master race, but even granting him some hyperbole, he has a lot of existing evidence on his side. To begin with, until now, few of the best athletes in the U.S. have taken up tennis, and, as often as not, the tennis coach has been the shop teacher moonlighting. It is also instructive to look at how the proficiency in other sports has markedly improved; basketball may provide the best case. Like tennis, it had a boom; until the end of World War II, basketball was confined mostly to barns and danec halls, and there was no organized pro game to attract the best prospects. At that time and even well into the 1950s, a good shooter was a player who could make one out of three shots. In a generation or less, that figure has been cut to one out of two, and the shots today are notably more difficult and taken against a defense that is granted more liberties.

In tennis it is generally accepted that only one of 10 points is won—the other 90%, are lost. *Tennis is a game where you give other people a chance to lose to you.* Basketball was a center-jump game with a lot of dribbling; the best football teams punted on third down; until Babe Ruth, baseball players scratched out hits and eked out victories—there was no swinging from the heels. All that changed in those sports as they became prominent and attracted and inspired better athletes. So it certainly isn't illogical to anticipate the same of tennis. Go see Chris Evert with the foreknowledge that she is the end of an era. Given the improvement in basketball, it seems conservative to assume that, before long, 25%, or even 35%, of the points in tennis will be won.

To Braden, the major culprit in the development of perfect tennis strokes is the wrist. In selecting the wrist as villain, Braden, of course, is downright heretical, because the American sporting press has extolled the wrist only slightly less than the Hollywood press has venerated the bosom. Biceps were once our thing for men, but no longer. The wrist! The supple wrist made the jump shot that revolutionized basketball. The wristy snap pass—"Unitas sets, cocks once. . . ."—is one of the primary images of modern football. And in baseball the slim wrist-hitter is the ideal, as exemplified by the lithe Hank Aaron, who flicks balls out of the park—a far cry from the potbellied Babe and his poleax swing. Wrists are the touchstone of athletic success, and every boy wants to have a good pair.

So Braden tells us to lock our wrists and never use them, except on the serve and overhead. He is at war with the wrist.

continued

At $3,699, either this Fury is priced too low, or most of the competition is priced too high.

That base sticker price above, of course, excludes taxes, destination charges and $71 for white sidewall tires and deluxe wheel covers. Even though, put it side-by-side against most of the cars in the mid-size field and you'll find this beautiful Fury comes with a very beautiful price advantage. And that's not the only place Fury beats the competition.

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23 mpg hwy. **16** mpg. city

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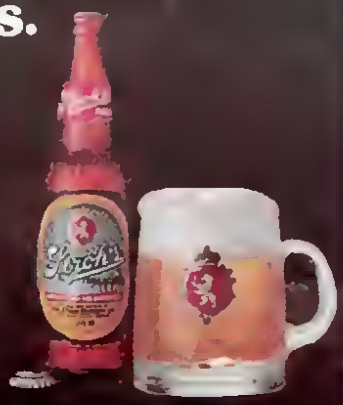

THE STROH BREWERY COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN © 1976

In some of his own instructional photographs, he finds himself reverting to wristy strokes and complains, "The impulse is just so strong once it has been put in you." It is the wrist that stands at the pass, ready to stop Vic Braden and the NFFTR from teaching millions of toads how to hit perfect 65′9″ shots.

A classic figure of modern American myth is the beautiful girl who suddenly discovers that she is beautiful. Usually this occurs when somebody takes off her eyeglasses or her hair tumbles down or some such thing. This happened to Braden—with regard to his brain. One day, as if the Wizard of Oz had handed him a diploma, he found out that he had a brain, and that revelation still thrills and warms him. Also, this happened, indirectly, because of tennis, and as a consequence he not only thinks about thinking all the time, but he feels a certain gratitude toward tennis. Unabashed, he says, "You meet more pee . . . PULL in ten . . . NIS more meaningfullll to your life."

Braden grew up in the factory town of Monroe, Mich., in a family poor but happy, seven kids, with a saintly mother and a selfless father who walked out of the Appalachian hills in order to obtain the privilege of laboring nights in a paper mill for 40 years so that his brood would have a marginal existence. Breakfast was bread and sugar, and the only real goal was a down payment on a car, which you might obtain if you were farsighted enough to quit school after the ninth grade so that you could squirrel away some money working on the railroad for the rest of your born days.

Vic, the eldest son, was a good athlete despite his short stature. Basketball was his favorite sport, but he played Legion baseball and quarterbacked the high school football team as well. Mornings after the games he would get up at five and go over to the stadium and search beneath the bleachers for coins that might have dropped out of spectators' pockets. Sometimes he could get four or six bits this way.

It is maddening to think that we are so utterly at the mercy of fate, but Braden believes that he and all his brothers would yet be enduring a life of manual labor in Monroe or someplace like it if he had not been caught hooking tennis balls that occasionally flew out of the municipal courts as he walked over to the football field. The kindly soul who pinched him said he wouldn't turn him in to the cops if he would try the game.

He did. Soon little Vic, age 12, concealing his sissy tennis playing from his football buddies, earned a trip to a country-club tournament in River Forest, Ill. where the mere presence of the servants so intimidated him that he was afraid to eat. He did well enough in the tournament, however, to be sent to another in Milwaukee, where he was put up in a hotel. He had no money and did not understand that he could sign for meals, so he survived by rising early and swiping produce off fruit wagons.

It is all very quaint, but what is important is that, for the first time, he met other young men who were talking casually about attending college. Almost from that moment Braden raised his aspirations, but so set was he in his belief that he and his family were ignorant lower class, that it was not until years later when he was at Kalamazoo College that he finally comprehended that intelligence was not necessarily a reflection of economic status. He can remember when this became clear to him, because he recalls vividly that a few days later he was standing in the middle of the street in Monroe, screaming at his younger brother Paul, who had dropped out of high school. What Braden was screaming was, "We're not dumb, Paul! I've learned. We're not dumb! We're not dumb!" In this bizarre confrontation they almost came to blows, but Paul went back to school, graduated *cum laude* from Michigan State, now has a Ph. D. and is with the Department of Commerce. Two younger brothers, also college graduates, are, like Vic, tennis pros.

A great many athletes say, "I owe it all to tennis" or to football or hockey or whatever, and no doubt they mean it sincerely; as they point out, it moved them up in the life-style standings. But Braden speaks of tennis in a dearer way, for its effect upon him was more profound than if it just *obtained* things for him. That he has never accumulated any resources—even today, he cannot get a mortgage to build a house at Coto de Caza, a place he is putting on the map—has never bothered him. He has remained so enchanted by the fact that he possesses a mind and did not have to spend his life working on a railroad. His lack of concern for material things helped grease the skids under his first marriage. No matter how bad off, he would go into his own pocket to finance something that intrigued him, like teaching blind kids. He makes a hefty salary now—indeed, he is probably the highest-paid tennis coach in the world, earning more than all but a handful of the playing pros—but as soon as he gets a little something together he buys a new camera lens for his second wife, Melody, an accomplished professional photographer.

To earn his degree at Kalamazoo, Braden literally lived in a supply closet at the stadium house for two years, undressing on a balcony after the lights went out. He graduated in debt, with 37¢ in his pocket, and became the assistant basketball coach at the University of Toledo. In his spare time he played in pro tennis tournaments as what is called an "opponent" in boxing. On the tour (or what passed as such), purses were slim, and the promoters only could afford a handful of name players. There were always half a dozen regular opponents—the fathers of Chris and Jeanne Evert and Nancy and Cliff Richey among them—who would be brought in "for a hundred bucks and a cheese sandwich," to play and, invariably, lose in the first round.

Braden was not a bad player, relatively. In 1953 he was even selected to be Big Bill Tilden's partner in the U.S. Pro Championships at Cleveland, but the old man died while packing to come to the event. What Braden specialized in was getting the ball back, so that the other guy would have every opportunity to make a winner 10% of the time. Bobby Riggs raised this dreary style to a high Warholian silk-screen art, and he was not pleased when he first encountered the unknown Braden and got a taste of his own medicine. Riggs finally prevailed, but not before Braden played him to a standstill for an hour or so, at last provoking Riggs to whine to no one in particular, "Who *is* this creep?"

Even now, age 46 and 25 pounds overweight, Braden can get it back. He can hit the hell out of the ball. His backhand is especially powerful. "I always wanted answers," he says. "When I was a kid, I hitchhiked into Detroit to see Don Budge play Riggs on tour. I wanted to learn how Budge hit his back-

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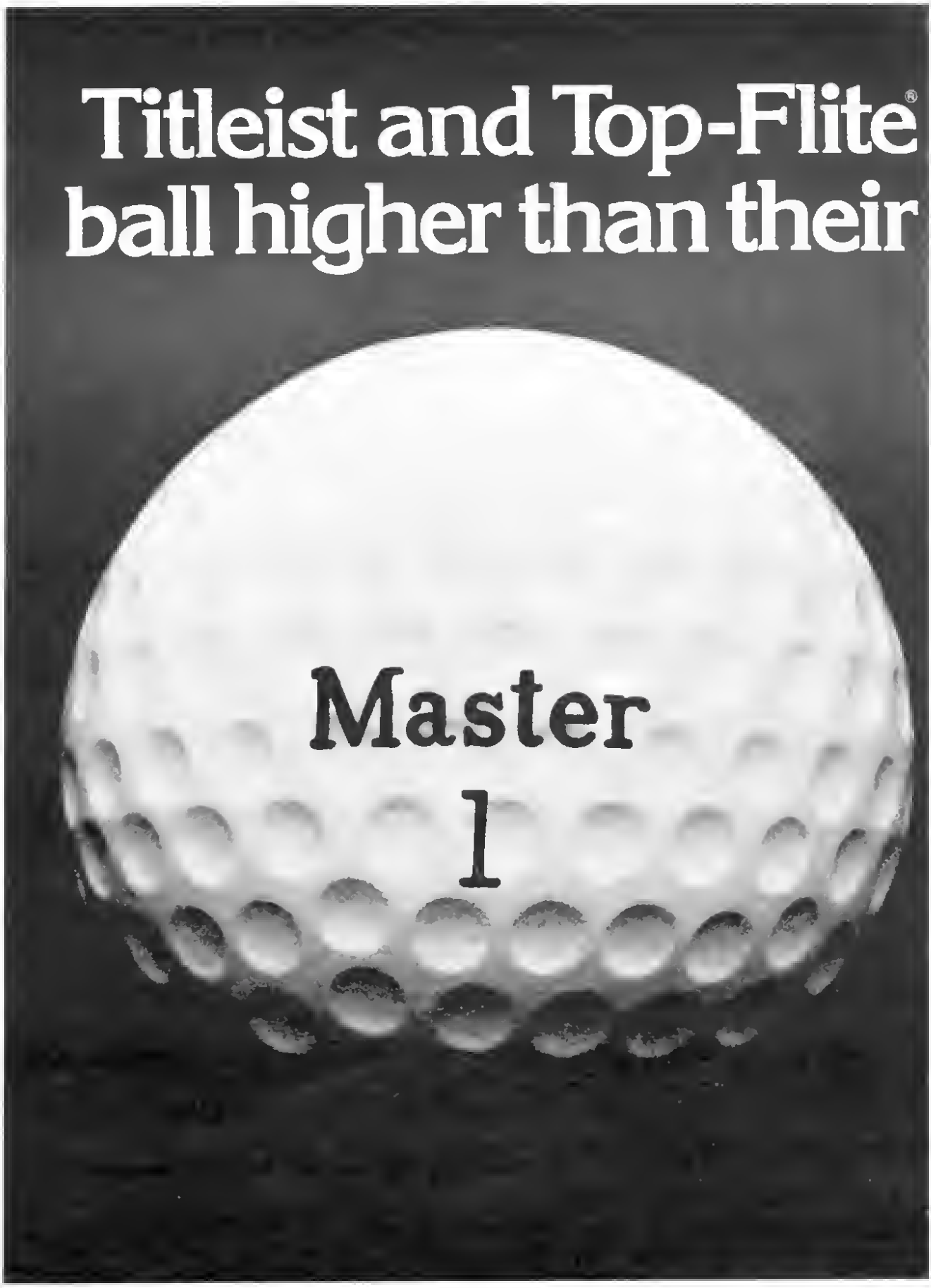
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In a test conducted by an independent testing institute, Titleist and Top-Flite golfers were given their regular ball and our new ball, and were asked to play 18 holes alternating each ball. Then, at the end of the round, they rated each ball over 16 categories covering golf ball performance. These included distance, durability, accuracy, feel, click, appearance, and others.

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The results were simply remarkable. In an overall average rating of all categories, both groups rated our ball higher than their own.

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Royal Master features two-piece construction, like Top-Flite. Two-piece construction allows for the highest performance standards in a ball that can take a lot of punishment. But Top-Flite golfers rated our ball higher in 13 out of 16 categories, with two ties. Top-Flite golfers said Royal Master flew farther, rolled farther, felt better off woods, felt better off irons, sounded better, and lasted longer than their regular ball.

Next time out, take a tip from golfers who know a good ball when they play one. Try the new Royal Master.

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Now...get to know the greatest new golf ball in the country and the greatest golf courses in the country.

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UNIROYAL

hand. I took those little three-by-five cards and punched holes in them, so I could isolate different parts of the body. This was when I realized that Budge drew the power for that great backhand from his thighs. I'd never seen that stated anywhere else. Don probably didn't even know it himself.

"When I finally got to meet all the best players, I was amazed. They were the least knowledgeable of all. Everybody seemed to have different answers to the same questions. In my opinion, Kramer couldn't coach, but at least he could analyze the game better than anyone I ever saw. But even Jake could not tell you how to hit a shot. He did not know how he did it himself. It was just in the last year or so that I showed him that the palm turns in when you hit a serve. He wouldn't believe it until I showed him movies that Melody took which proved it."

From Toledo, Braden moved to California, taught sixth grade (applying, essentially, the same principles that he does to tennis instruction), obtained a graduate degree in psychology from L.A. State and UCLA and became a district school psychologist. He then joined Kramer's pro tour as the road front man. At one point it was Braden's job to follow Pancho Gonzales around and apologize to people he insulted. He also began to study the game more closely. Using a stopwatch, he found that, in two sets of play, only 6.4 minutes were spent in action. Kramer took this news under advisement. "Look, kid," he said, "I'll give you a little money to go bury that gem."

In the '60s Braden came back to the L.A. area to become the teaching pro at Kramer's club in Palos Verdes. Soon he was giving half-hour lessons from seven in the morning until 10 at night. People would fly in from as far away as Dallas for a weekly half hour. "No matter who he is with," says Kramer, "he is comfortable, and it is obvious he is interested in the student. Not just as a player, but as a person. People sense this, and they feel an obligation to pay him back by playing better."

Braden met Melody when he overheard her complaining how her racket was responsible for her errors. Now she doesn't say anything and locks a certain blank expression on her face when they are on the court together. "He would really bother me at first because every game had to be a lesson," she says. "Then one day I understood that Vic gets his enjoyment teaching people how to hit a tennis ball better."

It was this idiosyncrasy that frustrated him years before when he was giving private lessons. Just as he would start to get his point across, the half hour would be up, and another pupil, who had flown in from San Francisco, would be there, champing at the bit, ready for his 30-minute half hour. Braden had cadged all his own tennis knowledge from eavesdropping on lessons and studying pros in action, so he urged students to attend other lessons as spectators. Soon Braden's lessons were the best show in town. People would phone the club and find out what kind of a lesson he was putting on at 2:30. Then they would call up their friends: "Vic's teaching Joe Smith the half volley at 2:30." Sometimes there would be 30 or 40 toads sitting around watching Braden teach another toad.

Working with an audience, he began to hone his comic routines, but he still thought the situation ridiculous. How were you going to teach toads perfect strokes in 30 days if you couldn't even get on the same court with them? Disillusioned, he quit the club and went back to running a tour. A bunch of deals fell through. His wife left him.

Finally, Braden perfected his tennis-college concept, and the deal with Coto de Caza was agreed upon not long after he married Melody. She is the official photographer of The National Foundation For Tennis Research and his right-hand person. Braden has nine young pros who assist him on the courts and in the lanes, and he has a big tower for himself, ostensibly for overseeing. But he is not much of an overseeing guy. Already, people are telling him he should franchise Vic Braden Tennis Colleges all over the hemisphere, spot 'em around like so many Taco Bells. "No," Braden says, "I wouldn't put my name on a place where I couldn't be. Besides, I figure—how many steaks can you eat? Expand? We get a binomial expansion every time we're nice to one student.

"Four times a year we have a tennis academy here, teaching new pros. When they leave, I tell these guys, 'O.K., you've got a diploma, but that doesn't guarantee you can teach tennis.' All we're doing is reducing the possibilities that the guy teaching you is a jerk. Let me tell you, there's a lot of narcissism running around the courts: *This is the way to hit because I say so, that's why.* Everybody who begins tennis lessons should first have a paid interview with the coach. It would be worth the 20 bucks—especially for parents with kids. Parents are sending their kids off to worship somebody they don't even know.

"The isolated one-on-one teaching is often more meaningful to the coach, because he can lord it over his pupil. I tell my coaches that every student is liable to be smarter than you, since if they are here they are paying big money, and wealth in this country is related to intellectual function.

"The coach must enter the student's world. As a psychologist, people in the profession were always mad at me because I wanted to get out from behind my desk, out into the patient's world. I want to reward kids for mistakes. I want the Tennis College to be a place where people can make mistakes comfortably. I want this to be a mistake center. Problem solving can be beautiful.

"I want to push people. Society can only learn so much, but I'm a Gestalt psychologist. I think we can learn more if we know where we're going. We show the whole big picture here, then break it down into the isolated parts. Some camps, they say, 'Now we're going to work on the ready position,' and then they'll spend hours on that, because everybody can master the ready position. I want to say, '*Let's go*—put the racket back, step and hit.'

"I tell my pros, 'Touch the pee . . . PULL you're working with.' That is important. Do you know that studies show that in situations like this pee . . . PULL will not touch fat pee . . . PULL? That's been shown. You touch pee . . . PULL, that is very symbolic. It shows them you care. Teaching—the best teaching—is saying, 'We're going to work this out to . . . GETH . . . ther. You and me."

In the lowering dusk, as the cool, red sun dipped behind the hills into the Pacific, he hit ball after ball with a grateful toad, cheering and goading until they had learned something from each other. It works both ways.

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week April 26-May 2

BASKETBALL—NBA: The Cleveland Cavaliers and the Boston Celtics won their quarterfinal-round playoff series in the East and now square off for the conference championship (*page 34*). Washington edged the Cavaliers 102–98 in overtime to force a seventh game in Cleveland, where the Cavs took the series 87–85 on Dick Snyder's basket with four seconds to play before a league record crowd of 21,564. John Havlicek's return inspired the Celtics after Buffalo had tied the series at two games apiece, thanks largely to the play of forgotten guard Ernie DiGregorio. Paul Silas (22 rebounds) and Dave Cowens (16) bossed both boards as Boston won the fifth game 99–88. Guards Charlie Scott and Jo Jo White combined for 54 points in Boston's 104–100 wrap-up win in Buffalo. Out west, Golden State eliminated Detroit four games to two, winning the fifth game 128–109 and the sixth 118–116 in overtime, while Phoenix ousted Seattle by the same margin, taking the concluding game 123–112. The Warriors pummeled the Suns 128–103 in the opener of their best-of-seven series as Rick Barry connected for 38 points.

ABA: Cheered by a league-record crowd of 18,821, Denver advanced to the finals against New York by trouncing Kentucky 133–110 in their seventh game as David Thompson had 40 points, 10 rebounds, five assists and two steals. In the opening game of the championship series, Dr. J stunned Thompson and the crowd of 19,034, a new record, in Denver when he hit a 15-foot jumper at the buzzer to give the Nets a 120–118 victory. Erving had 45 points (18 in the fourth quarter) and 12 rebounds, while Thompson had 30 points and nine rebounds. Off the court, Commissioner Dave DeBusschere presented a "definitive" plan for merging six ABA teams into the NBA. Reportedly, the ABA clubs would pay the NBA some $18 million over 10 years and not share in network television revenues for three seasons. The New York Nets also would indemnify the New York Knicks for invasion of territory.

BOXING—MUHAMMAD ALI retained his world heavyweight championship on a controversial 15-round decision over Jimmy Young in Landover, Md. (*page 30*).

DIVING—An international meet in Fort Lauderdale, Fla. may well have been a preview of the Olympics, when USAF Lieut. PHIL BOGGS won the three-meter title and Olympic gold medalist KLAUS DIBIASI took the 10-meter. IRINA KALININA of the Soviet Union deposed Jenni Chandler to win the women's three-meter and came in second in the 10-meter which was won by Olympic gold medalist ULRIKA KNAPE of Sweden.

GOLF—LEE ELDER won his second PGA tournament—and requalified for the Masters—firing a 10-under-par 278 to beat Forrest Fezler by one stroke in the $200,000 Houston Open (*page 32*).

JOANNE CARNER won the $50,000 Lady Tara Classic in Atlanta with a 10-under-par 209.

HOCKEY—NHL: The Montreal Canadiens won three straight games by one goal to take a 3-0 series lead over the New York Islanders in their best-of-seven Stanley Cup semifinal. Larry Robinson and Yvan Cournoyer scored 86 seconds apart late in the third period to rally the Canadiens to a 3–2 win in the opening game at the Forum; then the Canadiens twice squandered comfortable leads but held on to take the second game 4–3. Back home, the Islanders charged to an early 2–0 lead but the Canadiens closed with three third-period goals for a 3–2 victory. Boston and Philadelphia split the opening games of their semifinal at the Spectrum. The Bruins ended the Flyers' record 24-game home-ice unbeaten streak with a 4–2 opening-game victory, thanks to Dallas Smith's goal early in the final period and some tight goaltending by Gilles Gilbert. With Wayne Stephenson replacing a shaky Bernie Parent in goal, Philadelphia evened the series with a 2–1 win, ex-Bruin Reggie Leach beating Goaltender Gerry Cheevers from the side of the net at 13:38 of sudden-victory overtime. "That may have been the best game I've ever seen played by two goaltenders," said Philadelphia Coach Fred Shero, praising Stephenson and Cheevers. Stephenson stoned the Bruins again Sunday night in Boston as the Flyers took the series lead with a 5–2 victory.

WHA: The Winnipeg Jets won the Canadian final four games to one with a 4–0 victory over Calgary as Anders Hedberg scored 2 goals. The Jets will play the winner of the U.S. final between Houston and New England for the Avco World Trophy. In the U.S. semifinals, Indianapolis squared its series with New England at three games apiece with a 5–3 victory in Hartford, but New England Goaltender Cap Raeder shut out the Racers 6–0 in the series finale before 16,040 in Indianapolis. Houston Coach Bill Dineen abruptly changed goaltenders, replacing All-Star Ron Grahame with backup Wayne Rutledge after San Diego had closed its series gap to three games to two with back-to-back victories. Rutledge responded with a standout performance as the Aeros eliminated the Mariners with a 3–2 victory in the sixth game at San Diego. The Mariners, who played without pay the last two months, received a long ovation from their sympathetic fans at the end.

HORSE RACING—BOLD FORBES ($8.00), Angel Cordero up, led throughout to win the 102nd running of the Kentucky Derby at Churchill Downs. The dark bay colt ran the 1¼ miles in 2:01⅘, beating favored Honest Pleasure by a length (*page 26*).

MOTOR SPORTS—BUDDY BAKER drove a Ford to an alltime NASCAR 500-mile speed record of 169.887 mph as he won the Winston 500 at Talladega, Ala. The caution flags were out for only 14 of the 188 laps on the 2.66-mile track.

JOHNNY RUTHERFORD drove his McLaren-Offy past Gordon Johncock to win the Trentonian 200 averaging 144.499 mph for the 134 laps at Trenton (N.J.) Speedway. Janet Guthrie finished 15th in a starting field of 22.

Defending Champion NIKI LAUDA of Austria won the Spanish Grand Prix after Britain's James Hunt, who finished first, was disqualified because his McLaren M 23 did not correspond to newly established measurements. Lauda averaged 92.2 mph in his Ferrari 312-T2 on the 75 laps of the 2.11-mile Jarama circuit outside Madrid.

SOCCER—NASL: Steve Peplow's second goal of the game led Chicago to a 2–1 overtime victory over New York before 28,436 at Yankee Stadium. Pele's 1,241st career goal accounted for the Cosmos' only score. Chicago also defeated Toronto in overtime 1–0. Eusebio, the forward from Portugal, scored two goals in his first game with Toronto as the Metros beat Hartford 4–1. Earlier Hartford had topped Philadelphia 2–1. Washington registered two shutouts, 2–0 over Tampa Bay and 3–0 over Miami. Tampa Bay also had a shutout of its own, beating Boston 1–0. Vancouver split, edging St. Louis 2–1 in overtime but losing to Seattle 1–0. So did San Diego, beating San Jose 1–0, but losing to Los Angeles 2–0 as George Best made one goal for the Aztecs and also assisted on Ramon Moratido's score.

ASL: Shutouts were the rule as New York downed Cleveland 2–0, Chicago nipped Rhode Island 1–0 and Los Angeles edged Utah (formerly Salt Lake City) 1–0. Tacoma and Los Angeles played to a 1–1 tie, and Kevin Kiernan scored both goals to help the New Jersey Americans (formerly the Brewers) make a successful league debut with a 2–1 victory over the Cleveland Cobras.

TENNIS—CHRIS EVERT won $25,000 and her third straight Family Circle Cup by defeating Kerry Melville Reid 6–2, 6–2 at Amelia Island, Fla.

TRACK & FIELD—MAC WILKINS set a world record the first three times he threw the discus at the San Jose Invitational. Wilkins' first throw traveled 229 feet, two feet further than the record he had set the previous week. His second throw was 230'5", and on his third attempt Wilkins whirled the discus 232'6".

Auburn freshman HARVEY GLANCE tied the world record in the 100-meter dash for the second time in a month, running 9.9 in a five-way meet at Baton Rouge.

JOS HERMENS of the Netherlands broke two of his three world records at Arnhem, running the 20 kilometers in 57:23.8 and covering 13 miles, 25 yards in the one-hour run. His previous marks were 57:31.8 and 12 miles, 1,744 yards.

VOLLEYBALL—UCLA won its third consecutive NCAA championship—and its sixth in seven years—by defeating Pepperdine 18–16, 15–9, 15–11 at Ball State in Muncie, Ind. UCLA reached the finals by defeating Springfield College 15–4, 15–2, 15–5. Pepperdine eliminated Ohio State, taking the decisive fifth game 15–0, the first shutout in the history of the final four. Bruin sophomore Joe Mica was named the outstanding player of the tournament.

MILEPOSTS—RETIRED: LEN DAWSON, 40, Kansas City Chiefs quarterback. Dawson, who threw 239 touchdown passes in his 19-year pro career, will work as a broadcaster for NBC-TV.

DIED: SIDNEY FRANKLIN, 72, the celebrated Brooklyn-born bullfighter, at a nursing home in New York.

CREDITS

8—John G. Zimmerman, 24—drawing by Arnold Roth, 26, 27—Heinz Kluetmeier, 28, 29—Stephen Green-Armytage, Neil Leifer (2), 34, 35—Heinz Kluetmeier, Carl Iwasaki, 60—courtesy ABC-TV, 62—Art Shay, 68—illustration by Francis Golden, 72—Buck Miller, 78-82—photographs copyright Vic Braden, John G. Zimmerman, 1976; 99—Basil Tun (3).

FACES IN THE CROWD

LAYNE KOPISCHKA has coached the Laramie (Wyo.) Senior High boys' swim team to 22 straight victories and the girls' team to 36 consecutive wins. His boys' team had a 12-0 record and won the 1976 Eastern AA Conference title and the state championship.

JOE ROTHBAUER, a senior at Lourdes Academy in Oshkosh, Wis., won his second straight Wisconsin Independent Schools heavyweight wrestling championship. His two-year career record: 51-1, with 43 pins. In football Rothbauer was first-team all-state at center.

WALTER SCHLOTHAUER, a senior at Mentor (Ohio) High, holds all school soccer scoring records: game (five goals), season (23) and career (39). He has been all-Ohio first-team for two years and also was named to the high school All-America team.

EILEEN SMITH, 16, of Seaford, N.Y., won the 68th annual Race Walkers' Club of America's 10-mile walk on the Coney Island boardwalk. The only female entrant, Eileen finished with a corrected time of 1:37.12 to become the first girl ever to win the event.

JAY REARDON, a senior at Rockhurst High in Kansas City, Mo., set three records at the Washington High Relays, winning the long jump (25'1"), the triple jump (48'9¼") and the high jump (6'10"). Jay also was the leading scorer and rebounder in basketball.

MARK SCHWABE, 23, a University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee sophomore, broke three scoring records with a 270 high game, a 731 three-game series and a 2,116 10-game total at the Association of College Unions-International Bowling Championships.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

HOCKEY HOOLIGANISM

Sir:

I share your indignation over the non-sport that hockey has become (*Week of Disgrace on the Ice*, April 26). I am currently a second-year law student. At the time of the Forbes-Boucha affair, I was on hockey's side, seeing the judiciary as overstepping its bounds in attempting to subject hockey to legal scrutiny. I now view the courts as the last hope.

STEVE CRANFORD

Topeka, Kans.

Sir:

We do have a legitimate hero in hockey. His name is Bobby Hull and he has the courage to condemn the violence in the game.

ROBERT J. DORAN

Rochester, N.Y.

Sir:

Violence in hockey and the supposed public outrage do not depend on whether or not crimes have been committed, but rather on who does the violence. Does anyone honestly think that a hometown player would be arrested if he beat the daylights out of a visiting player? On the contrary, he would undoubtedly become an instant hero. Also, how many people who are revolted by such violence were cheering heartily when the Flyers "took on" the Russian Army team? An atomic bomb is heaven if your side has it, and hell if your enemy does.

MARTIN MARYAN

Kenmore, N.Y.

Sir:

If the Ontario attorney general is going to arrest Don Saleski, Mel Bridgman and Joe Watson, then what about the Toronto fan who just about started the whole thing? They say the Flyers are animals. You don't know the meaning of the word until you see the Toronto fans. I think that whatever happens in a sports arena should be handled by the sports officials, not some government official who singlehandedly tries to "clean up hockey."

BARBARA SCHUMACHER

Cornwells Heights, Pa.

• Following Game 6 in Toronto of the Flyers-Maple Leafs playoff, a Toronto fan was charged with common assault for elbowing Dave Schultz in the ribs as Schultz made his way to the dressing room from the penalty box.—ED.

Sir:

Speaking of fans, a tribute should go to the Los Angeles Kings' fans. At the start of the third period in a game April 22 against Boston (in L.A.) a "fan" threw something that narrowly missed the referee and one of the Bruins. Instead of cheering the spectator or playing follow the leader, the crowd actually booed that person, and the people who were in the vicinity pointed him out to the ushers and the police, who escorted him from the Forum. That shows that the fans of Los Angeles want to see exciting, good clean hockey and will not tolerate fan abuse toward opposing teams or the referee. I hope fans of other hockey cities will take notice.

DANIEL TRICCO

Chicopee, Mass.

BEST ATTACKS

Sir:

Many thanks for the fine article on lacrosse (*Attack from Both Sides*, April 26). The color photos were particularly good. Exception should be taken, however, to the contention that the attack units of Johns Hopkins and Cornell are probably the best ever to face each other. While Cornell's may well rank with the best, the Hopkins unit is not particularly superior when matched against some past units. That the current attack unit has had to carry the burden of the team scoring can be attributed to the fact that the Blue Jays do not have their traditionally strong midfields out front.

It also has been said that Virginia's attack unit from its 1972 NCAA champions—Jay Connor, Tom Duquette and Chip Barker—was the best, although a strong argument could be waged by the Hopkins unit led by Joe Cowan and Downy McCarty in the late 1960s.

CARLTON A. VAN LEAR

Charlottesville, Va.

Sir:

Joe Marshall said, "The clear-cut winner was Cornell, which not only displayed a high-scoring offense but also enough defense that it now must be considered the front-runner for the NCAA title." This statement totally discounts the University of Maryland team. The Terps are ACC champions and undefeated this year, as well as defending NCAA champions. There are some who feel that the Terps are No. 1.

BILL THOMPSON

Baltimore

Sir:

Having refereed for nine years in the Midwest Lacrosse Association, I must clarify a statement made by Joe Marshall in his otherwise excellent article on the Cornell-Hopkins game. Referring to body checking, he states, "The rules of lacrosse allow a player to hit an opponent who is within five yards of a ball. . . . It also means that a bruising hit is perfectly legal when the man and ball have recently parted company."

However, Rule 5, Section 3-b, clearly states that an "illegal body check" includes "the avoidable body check of an opponent after he has thrown the ball." Possibly Marshall was thinking of this particular regulation when he referred to "late hits," but the distinction is an important one and needs emphasis. Lacrosse does not encourage the unnecessary violence that has brought its sister sport, ice hockey, into increasing disrepute.

STANLEY L. SWART

Louisville

BLACKS AND WHITES

Sir:

After reading your article (*The Student* April 5) I must say I was a little disillusioned and hurt. Disillusioned because I was a member of the Missouri basketball team for the past four years. Hurt because I am black and I do know blacks can be disciplined. I know personally that black players aren't treated any better than whites.

I have seen Missouri players like LaMont Turner, Felix Jerman and Glenn Robinson leave before their graduation dates. If there is no race problem or any problem, why do all these black players leave? All blacks are not born ignorant, poor and fatherless. We, too, have been disciplined to some extent or another. My point on discipline is that when you come to college, you are your own man. Your parents are not around to make decisions and say what is right or wrong. It's what you feel that guides you in making these decisions.

As for my being black and not saying, "The hell with you, I'm leaving," I've put my priorities elsewhere instead of into basketball. I value a quality education and alumni that are willing to help me get out and get a job. If I did aspire to play professional basketball like the blacks who left, I, too, would have been long gone.

I'm not coming down on your article. Missouri basketball is good basketball, and it should get some attention. Norm Stewart is one of the finest coaches in the nation. All

continued

I'm saying is straighten out the record on the treatment of blacks and whites.

MARK ANDERSON

Columbia, Mo.

JOCKS FOR JESUS (CONT.)

Sir:

The Fellowship of Christian Athletes, *et al.*, must be doing a great job if you have seen the need to unleash one of your hatchet men for a three-part exposé (*Religion in Sport*, April 19 *et seq.*). Frank Deford is not a full-fledged hatchet man, but he's quite amusing with his rubber sword.

The attacks on "fundamentalists" are quaint. Not even "fundamentalists" (1920 version) call themselves fundamentalist any more. The reference to "Bible belt" is ludicrously inaccurate. If you mean theologically ultraconservative areas, you should realize that Southern California and notable stretches of New England possess considerable concentrations of religiously ultraconservative dollars and votes.

The charge that FCA is preparing its members to win is interesting. Since when has "loser-ism" become the Great Sports Goal? Deford's recourse to Malcolm Boyd and his "theology of losing" is a real laugher. Boyd has become a kind of patron saint for the "new breed" minister from mainline Protestant denominations of the 1960s. They were above such things as membership growth and new church establishment. The "new breed" was going to demolish the "institutional" church in order to construct a more "relevant" structure. The "new breed" lost. The loss was cataclysmic for mainline Protestantism. But the same period has seen a fantastic growth among those churches unashamed of their Christ-centeredness, their zeal for new members and their serious consideration of the Bible as Word of God.

If FCA, *et al*, can lead young men and women to Christ in ways I cannot, I salute them, even if you dare not.

THE REV. CLYDE W. HARMON
Pastor
First Baptist Church
Glenwood, Iowa

Sir:

A hearty word of gratitude is to be offered to Frank Deford for his opening salvo on religion in sport. We do not often expect a prophetic word from so secular a medium as SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. But here is one professing evangelism who appreciated deeply his fair and perceptive probe of those who seek to win the athletic world to Christ. The largely shallow and unthinking programs and efforts of "Sportianity" certainly leave one wondering where the offense of the Gospel lies. The wholesale adoption of the val-

continued

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ues of the modern sport scene inclines one to believe that all this is "another gospel which is no gospel at all"—and St. Paul had some pointed words for those who would offer "another gospel" (Galatians 1:6-9).

We shall begin to believe in this movement among the Christian athletes when they begin to question and to challenge the ethics and values of the world in which they live. And they could do it far better than we who are on the edge of that world.

ROBERT W. LYON, PH.D.
Professor of New Testament Interpretation
Asbury Theological Seminary
Wilmore, Ky.

Sir:

One of my sons belonged to the Fellowship of Christian Athletes while he was in high school. The FCA helped him. It made him a better person. It brought him closer to God. Why do you criticize this?

MARY ANNE SANSBURY
Darlington, S.C.

Sir:

Your series is right on target. You have not thrown "the baby out with the bath water." Too often people reject all of the Christian faith because of what is done by groups which have made their faith into an idolatry that creates and feeds on guilt, or provides a ready-made identity complete with all the answers.

I am sure you are being prayed for at this very moment, but as for me, I say thanks.

MARK PUMPHREY
Enid, Okla

Sir:

As one who is and has been associated with FCA for a number of years, I commend you for your series on religion in sport. I hope we will give your criticisms a fair hearing and not summarily dismiss them as the product of an antagonistic, secular mentality.

JOHN SCHUBEL
District Judge
Bad Axe, Mich.

AARON'S NUMBER

Sir:

As one who did publicity work for the Braves during their 13 years in Milwaukee, I suppose I could be expected to remember that Henry Aaron wore uniform No. 5 during his rookie season before switching in his second year to his now famous No. 44. But imagine my surprise when I read your piece comparing Fred Lynn and Jim Rice's rookie season to that of some of the game's greatest players (*Pair Without Parallel*, April 12) and noticed that your illustration of Aaron had him correctly wearing No. 5. That's what I call accuracy.

BOB ALLEN
Milwaukee

COLORADO'S ELEVEN

Sir:

Just to set the record straight, Nebraska and Ohio State, those feared Midwestern juggernauts, were not the only college teams to have 11 players taken in the annual NFL draft (*Getting Chilled by a Very Slight Draft*, April 19). Lowly Colorado was similarly honored. Center Pete Brock (New England), Defensive End Troy Archer (New York Giants) and Offensive Tackle Mark Koncar (Green Bay) were drafted in the first round. Wide Receiver Dave Logan (Cleveland), Defensive Back Mike McCoy (Green Bay) and Offensive Tackle Steve Young (Tampa Bay) went in the third round. Running Back David Williams (Dallas) was picked in the seventh round. Running Back Terry Kunz (Oakland) and Offensive Tackle Bob Simpson (Miami) were taken in the eighth round. And Linebacker Gary Campbell (Pitts-

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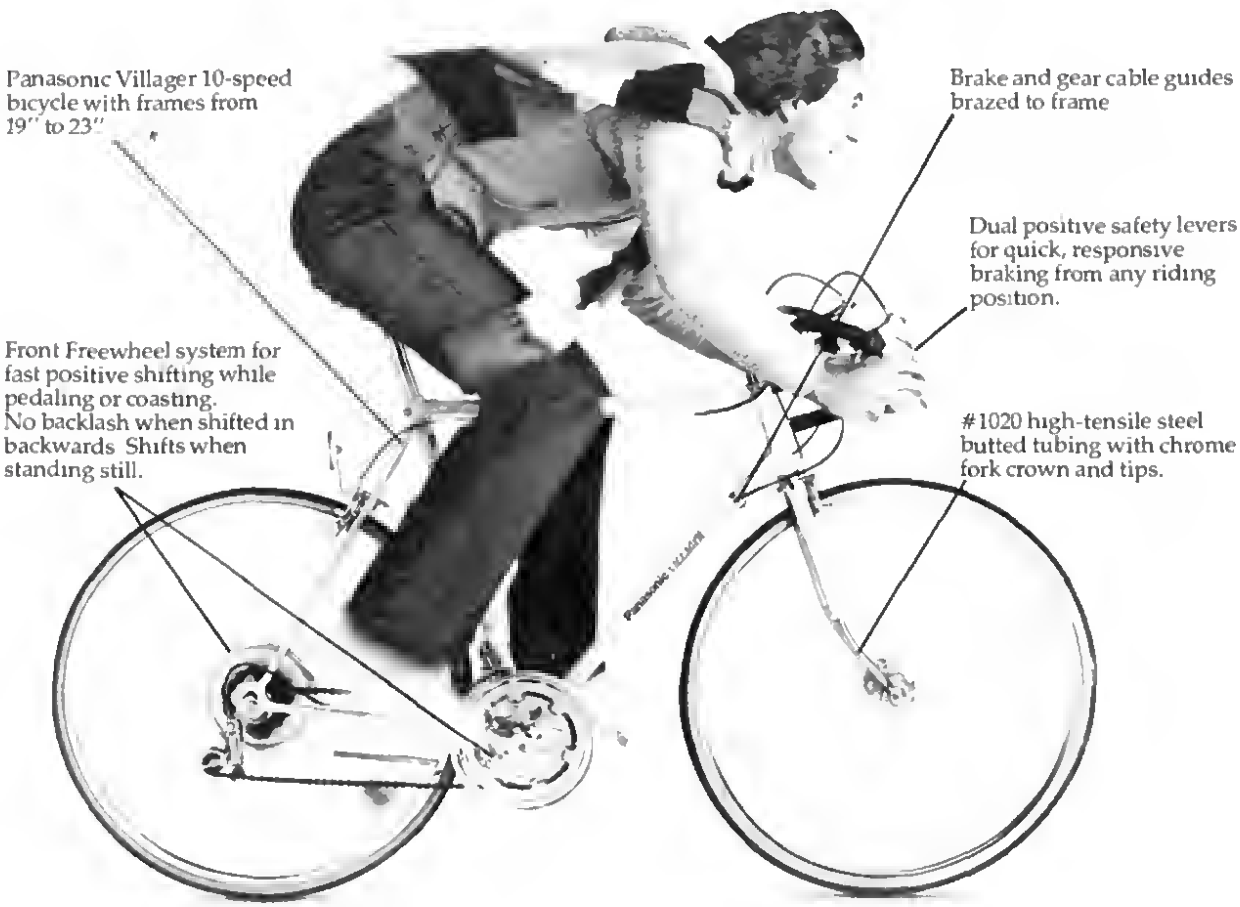

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Panasonic®
just slightly ahead of our time

They love onion sandwiches.
With a banana on the side.

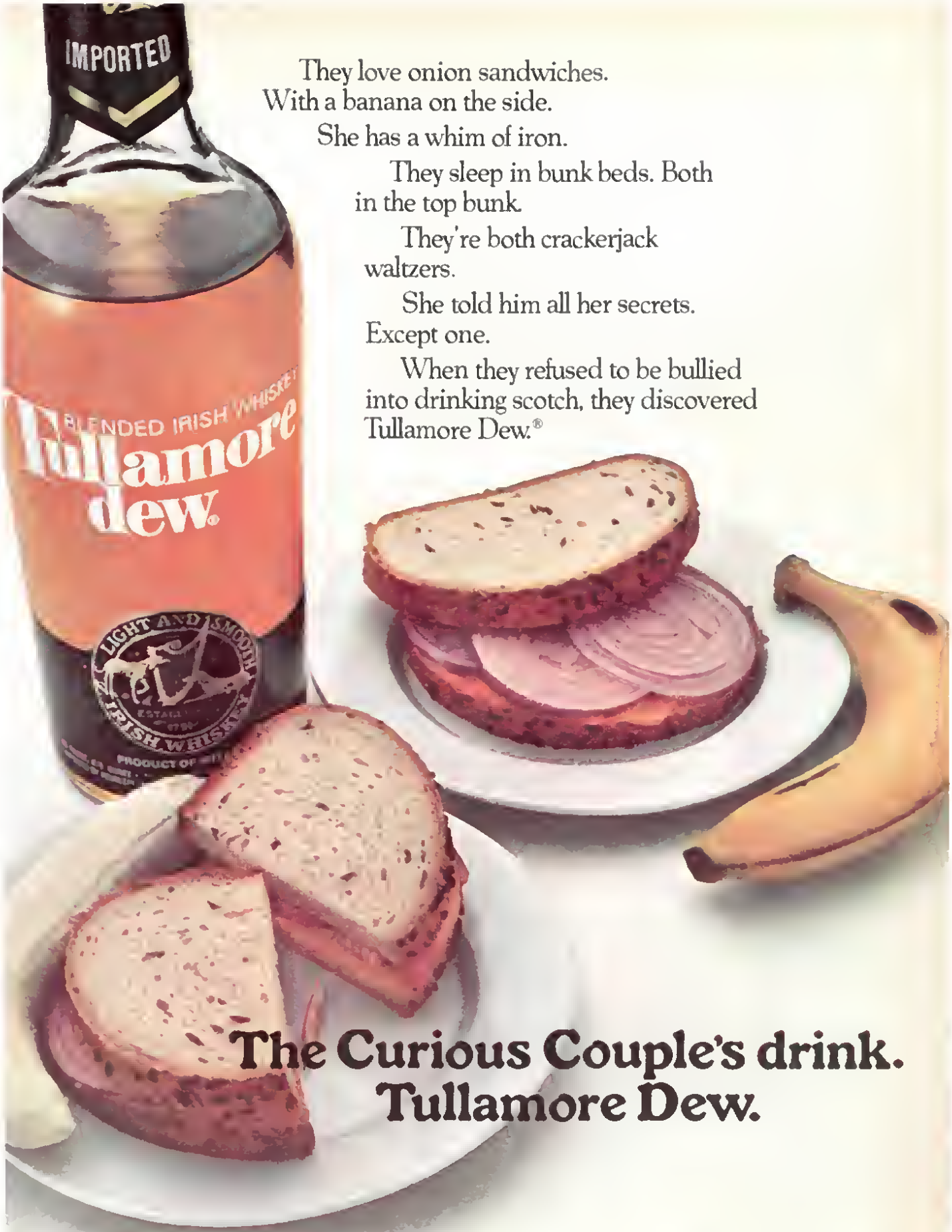
She has a whim of iron.

They sleep in bunk beds. Both in the top bunk.

They're both crackerjack waltzers.

She told him all her secrets. Except one.

When they refused to be bullied into drinking scotch, they discovered Tullamore Dew.®



The Curious Couple's drink. Tullamore Dew.

Tullamore Dew Blended Irish Whiskey 80 and 86 Pro[illegible]ed by Heublein, Inc. Hartford Ct[illegible]

At TWA, being the best isn't everything. It's the only thing.

There's something about competition that brings out the best in people. The tougher the challenge, the better they perform.

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On-time commitment. At TWA, we're committed to giving you the best on-time performance to every city we fly to. We take your time seriously, so you'll take TWA rather than some other airline.

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TWA

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Talk to us, and we promise that we'll be there, ready to listen and to answer.

The world is getting bigger every day. It's getting colder. How will you get noticed? How will you get answers to very real and important questions, if you deal with machines, if you deal with people who don't know you and don't care about you? These days it seems that in life and in business, people talk together less and less. Well, not in the life and health insurance business. Not now, not ever. Talk to us. When you have a question about life or health insurance, there will always be somebody to answer you, person to person. It's a simple promise. But, the way the world is growing, it's just about the most important promise anybody can make you.

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burgh) and Defensive End Whitney Paul (Kansas City) were selected in the 10th round.

What is more, San Diego State Quarterback Craig Penrose, chosen in the fourth round by Denver, was a member of the Colorado squad before transferring. Not bad for a team with just 16 seniors on its varsity roster at the end of the 1975 season.

DENNIS PRETTI

Glenwood Springs, Colo.

RALLY INSTRUCTIONS

Sir:

In his article on rally driver Orville J. Meyer (*High Road to the Good Life*, April 19), Phil Singerman says: "Meyer remembers one rally . . . instruction: Every time you see the word *creek* spelled out, increase the average speed 10%, but every time *creek* is abbreviated, decrease average speed 10%. 'You're going along at 50 mph and you see creek spelled out, so you increase to 55,' he says. 'Then you see cr. and nine out of 10 people decreased to 50 rather than 49.5.' When he was asked how one managed to drive at 49.5 miles an hour, Meyer just chuckled.'

But at the next "creek," the 10% increase works out to 54.45 mph. And at the next "cr.," the 10% decrease makes it 49.005. Or worse, another "creek," and he's supposed to drive 53.9055.

Meyer's speedometer would have to be four feet across and graduated in 1/1000th mph. Come on. No one should start a progression without working past the first step.

MICHAEL GOUGH

Stony Brook, N.Y.

LADY RAZORBACKS

Sir:

In answer to Tom Burke's letter (April 12), women athletes at TCU are Horned Frogs and women athletes at the University of Arkansas are Razorbacks. We definitely do *not* want to be called Pig, Sow, Hogette or any of the numerous other uncomplimentary derivatives of Razorback.

Sometime back I asked the sports editor of our student newspaper to run an article to see if students could come up with a better feminine nickname than "Lady Razorbacks." The only suggestion submitted (tongue in cheek at that) came from our woman tennis coach. She favored the name "Pork Chops."

Razorbacks, it is

RUTH COHOON
Coordinator
Women's Intercollegiate Sports
University of Arkansas

Fayetteville, Ark.

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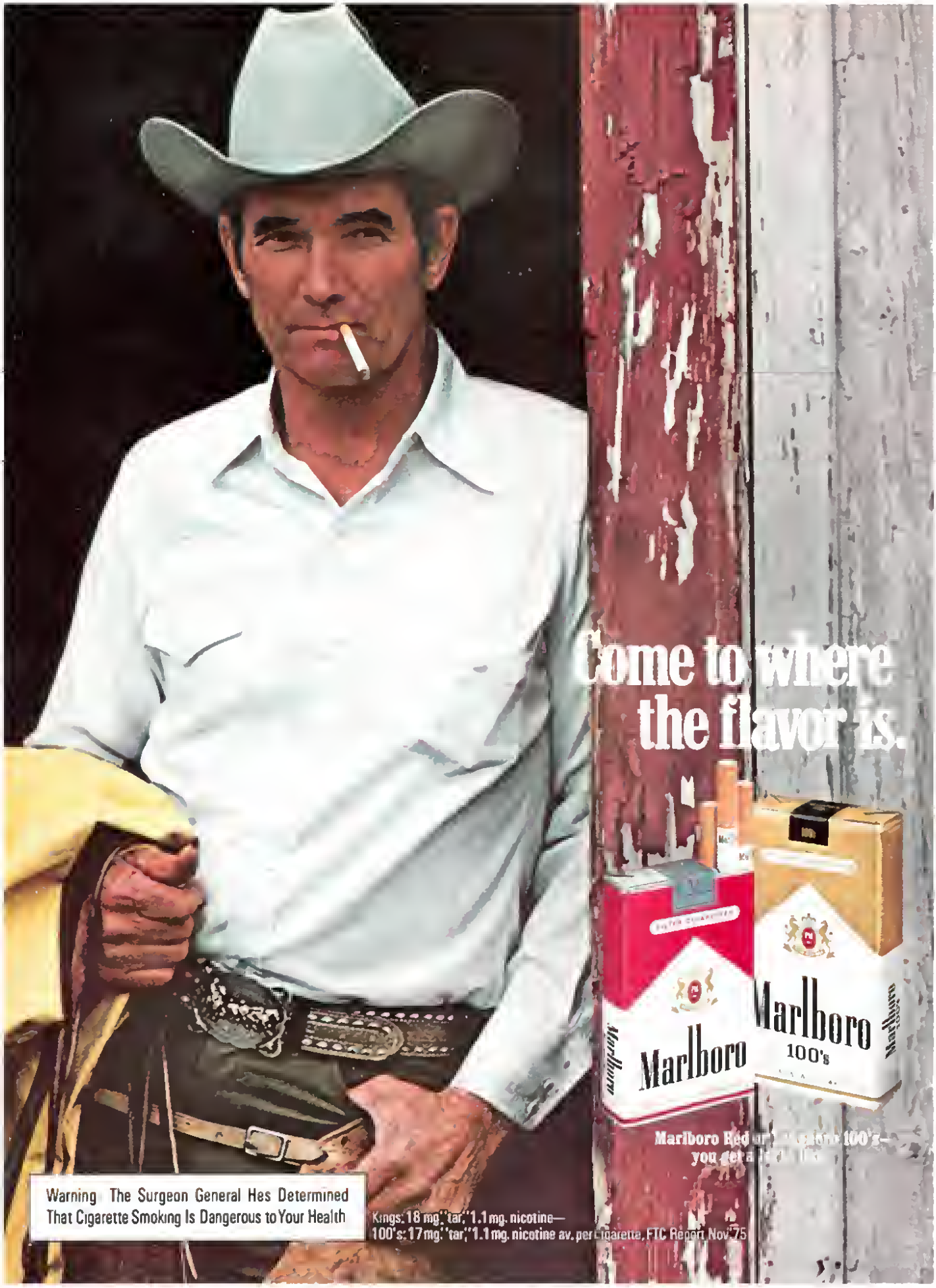
To make a Firecracker, pour an ounce and a half of America's favorite whiskey, Seagram's 7 Crown, over ice in a tall glass. Fill with Ocean Spray Cranberry Juice Cocktail. If you want, add sugar to taste.

But why make just one? With a pitcherful of Firecrackers, you could ignite a whole party!

Say Seagram's and Be Sure.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